











Painted by T. Campbell

Engraved by J. Ball

Alex. Cowan

REMAINS

OF

ALEXANDER COWAN

CONSISTING OF

HIS VERSES

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE
AND JOURNALS.

PRINTED FOR THE USE OF HIS RELATIVES
AND FRIENDS.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE.

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TO

ALEXANDER COWAN

FATHER OF THE AUTHOR OF THESE REMAINS

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE COLLATOR.

PREFACE.

THE completion of this volume has been deferred by causes, which it would be needless to state, even if they furnished a more satisfactory apology for the delay than they do.

The following pieces are not intended for publication, but printed for the use of the relatives and friends of the Author, as stated in the Title-page ; and in order to furnish them with an interesting remembrance of one who was highly valued in his domestic and social circle. Such being the purpose for which the volume is destined, it has not been deemed necessary to give a full Memoir of the writer, the events of his life being still fresh in the minds of those who will peruse the following pages. The same consideration prevented the insertion of details and explanations in regard to allusions contained in his writing, which his friends will all readily under-

stand. A general outline of the life has, however, been inserted, with a few occasional notices of leading dates, for the sake of connection.

Some difficulty has been experienced in determining the true reading of passages in the Poems, there being no complete copy of these extant in the Author's writing. But their general accuracy may be depended upon.

EDINBURGH, *9th November*, 1839.

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REMAINS.

ALEXANDER COWAN, son of Alexander Cowan and Elizabeth Hall, was born at Valleyfield, Penicuik, on 9th November 1804. The rudiments of his education were obtained at the Parish School of Penicuik, and at the High School of Edinburgh under Dr. Carson. He discovered, at an early age, those powers of memory and observation, which, at a more advanced period of life, developed themselves in the acquirement and retention of extensive and varied statistical information, for which he was remarkable.

About the age of thirteen, his father's family having gone to reside at Melville Mill, he became the pupil of Mr. William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," and other poems, and now Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews,—at that time teacher of the Parish School of

Lasswade. He had great delight in Mr. Tennant's instructions. Their studies were not limited to the branches of knowledge ordinarily taught in the Parish School, but extended to the languages of the East, particularly the Persian.

To this connection may, with great probability, be attributed the developement of that love of poetry, and that poetical temperament which (though in a silent and unobtrusive manner) marked both the literary pursuits and the general character of the pupil in after life. The natural bent of his mind had, however, already taken this direction. So early as in his twelfth year he had ventured to pay court to the muses, and, in confidence, revealed his passion and the fruits of it, which were carefully hoarded in an old desk, to one of his sisters. A specimen of these youthful efforts has been preserved. It was written in the summer of 1816, and consists of thoughts on the approach of evening,—the first stanza is as follows :—

Now eve approaches, mild and sweet,
Our shadows lengthen in the sun,
The sheep at eve begin to bleat,
The labourer's daily task is done.

There are four other stanzas consisting of similar simple images; and the production is interesting, as it exhibits in the boy the germ of the habit of quiet observation and reflection which chiefly characterized his riper age.

Alexander, or, to use the name by which he is most dearly associated in the affectionate remembrance of most of those who will peruse these pages, Sandie, went to Germany along with his elder brother, George, in 1819. They were placed at Lüneburg, in Hanover, under the charge of Professor Dumesnil, with whom they remained till April 1821. Their studies embraced the modern languages and mathematical science, and Sandie's capacity of acquirement in statistical knowledge was here brought into full exercise. There is extant a manuscript journal kept by him, containing an account of the voyage to Cuxhaven, and journey thence to Lüneburg. It is not inserted here, as a full specimen of his powers in this department will afterwards be presented, written at a time when his faculties had attained maturity. He describes himself as "a very idle, careless fellow, who have been exported to Germany to try if I can gain any steadiness and

application among the plodding Germans." There is much, even at this early period, of observation and power of delineating both human character and the varied and changing scenery of nature, with occasional strokes of humour. The description of Lüneburg is probably coloured in some measure by a boy's love of home, and facetious revenge upon the scene of labour.—"Lüneburg is considered the ugliest town in Germany, and the country about it is of the same stamp. There are four churches in the town, and I do not believe that uglier spires could be imagined; they are very high, however. The most remarkable thing relating to Lüneburg, is the Saline, which was discovered by an old sow. This sow went commonly among the salt springs, and rolled itself in the dirty water; the warmth of the sun converted this into salt, and the Senate of Lüneburg have in gratitude given a place above the door of the Council House to be filled up by the effigy of the old sow." Here is added, but in a different hand, probably 'George's,—"They have also the ham made from it, 1000 years old." They both, however, always retained a pleasing recollection of the time spent at Lüneburg, and a grateful

and warm affection for their preceptor, Monsieur Dumesnil.

The MS. volume containing the journal above mentioned, has several pages occupied by “the Esk,” a poem written at Lüneburg, and full, it will readily be supposed, of warm recollections of home and Scottish story. There is also the following version of an epigram,—

FROM THE FRENCH.

“Greece, for learned men so famous,
Praised by pedants in their schools,
Boasted only seven sages,—
Judge, I pray, of the number of fools.”

The brothers returned from Germany in April 1821, and, in Autumn of the same year, Sandie was bound apprentice to Messrs. Nairne, writers to the signet. His professional avocations did not estrange him, however, from his favourite pursuits, and the following pieces belong to the period of his apprenticeship.

[Mrs. ——— (then Miss ——— ———), sent me a small amulet, a 6d. affair, and hinted at a rhyme in return ; here is the 6d. worth, each line a bawbee.]
(During Winter 1823-24.)

Thou say'st the odour of thy little gem
Shall always last and always be the same ;
And truly, lady, I can credit thee,
For, could it change, 't were still the same to me.

Thou say'st this amulet will aye impart
A joyous feeling to the saddest heart ;
And, lady, well I can believe it true,
For who could think on thee and sadness too ?

What though thy gift be neither rich nor rare,
The Persian sapphire were to me less fair ;
And, were 't a diamond from Golconda's mine,
To me its dearest charm would be,—'t was thine !

George Cowan died on 8th April 1824, after a long illness. This was the first death in the family, with the exception of a sister who died in infancy. This notice will explain the allusions in several of the following poems.

LINES

Written during a solitary walk to Auchtermairnie, 31st
December 1824.

A few short years ago,
While yet I knew no care,
I thought all happiness below ;
Beauty and virtue seemed to strew
Their radiance every where ;
I thought not then on joys above,
I found on Earth enough to love.

Each year that steals away,
Steals former gladness too,
The linnet sings a sadder lay,
And dimmer shines the sunny ray,
Than it was wont to do ;
Since grief and sorrow I have known,
The dream of youth, alas ! is gone.

The brother of my heart,—
Alas, the bitter tear !—
Smote by consumption's fatal dart,
I watched him from this life depart,
I saw him on his bier ;

Released, at length, from every ill,
Pale as his shroud, stiff, cold, and still.

A few short years to come,
When all I love are dead,
And threatens life to set in gloom,
I'll sigh for rest within the tomb,
Whither each joy is fled ;
I'll seek, when ended mortal strife,
Another world, a better life.

LINES

Written for his sister Elizabeth, on her return from School in
March 1825.

My early home ! my early home !
Again I see the fairy scene,
Again I see the daisies bloom
Upon thy lawn of matchless green.
Still gently flows the river gay,
Where oft I used to splash and play,
Between its banks of yellow broom ;
I love, I love my early home !

'Tis still the same ! 'tis still the same !
The village church, the wooded hill,
The red-breast that each morning came
To sing upon the window sill ;
The garden decked with many a flower,
The airy bridge, the shady bower,
A thousand things I well could name,
But is it all then still the same ?

No, there were some ! no, there were some !
Who loved with me our early home ;
And, shall I ask it, where are they ?
Go seek them in the cold, cold clay.
Sweet Susan, like a rosebud thou,
Ere it could bloom its sweets to show,
By death's storm broken from its bough,
And laid, alas ! for ever low.

My brother too ! my brother too !
Of purest mind, and warmest heart,
I scarce can think the past is true,
That souls so knit could ever part.
And I must watch thee day by day,
So slowly, sadly waste away,
Till death, in pity, set thee free,
And left us all to mourn for thee.

I will not weep ! I will not weep !
I still am blessed in friends I love ;
And in the grave I too must sleep,
Before I join my friends above.
Whatever sorrows may be mine,
I will not at my lot repine ;
But till I rest within the tomb,
I'll love, I'll love my early home !

In the spring of the year 1825, symptoms of weakness in the chest having begun to appear, Mr. Cowan was advised to remove his son, for a time, from the labour of business ; and he took him upon a tour through the Low Countries, which occupied two months. The following notices of their progress are selected from Sandie's letters to his eldest sister.

“ GHENT, 10th *May* 1825.

“ I begin from Saturday the 7th, a transcript from my Note Book.

“ Saturday.—Rose at half-past six, and packed our portmanteaus ; we then eat an excellent breakfast, and hied down to the Ostend Steam Packet. The sail

down the Thames, with the wind and tide alike favourable, was charming. We flew past the towns and villages, eat an excellent dinner near Sheppey, and it was not till we had almost lost sight of the coast of England that darkness overtook us. Our fellow-passengers consisted of a great many English, several Flemings, four Germans, French, some Scotch, and your humble servants; but among so many nations, you may easily suppose there was not much frankness to be expected. To pass away the evening, as there were no beds, Papa and I formed a chess-board, furnished it with sovereigns, shillings, pence, &c., and played two games. We were often on deck, and about one o'clock of

Sunday, 8th May, we discovered the lights of Ostend through the darkness. The sea was at this time very fine, being calm, and under a beautiful moon, the swift course of our magic steam-boat, alone dashing the sleeping waves from their rest, and they flashing in electric brightness round the vessel. The sea was very dark, and our company perfectly silent, so that the effect was sublime. We entered the harbour about two o'clock, (morning,) and landed in the kingdom of the Netherlands, delivered our passports, and bent our wearied limbs to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where, after a dose of claret negus, we consigned ourselves to the arms of Murphy* till eight o'clock. We

* ? Morpheus.

then had coffee, and Papa, having previously gone out, re-entered, surprised with the splendour of the town. Ostend is but small, but is very clean, and contains some large houses ; it is regularly fortified, and we saw a good deal of the fortifications. We then went to Church, and heard part of the service, which was splendid, and about 1500 people present. The splendour of the Church, the numerous figures of our Saviour, the Virgin, and other Saints, the magnificent altars and paintings, crosses and candlesticks, were very impressive ; but the apparent devotion of the people, the splendid voices of the priests and singers, the bursts of the organ, and the effect of such a mass of people dropping on their knees, is sublime ; and this is but a small Church, and secondary ceremonies to those we have since witnessed. We dined at two, at our table d'Hôte, agreeably enough, and my father did his utmost to speak French to a young Flemish lady beside him. The conversation was agreeable enough, also. We set sail, or rather horse, on a splendid canal, for Bruges, at five, in a nice barge, which, for the fourteen miles, only cost us elevenpence each. There were some English here, too, and a young French blackguard, who told me a doleful story about his being robbed yesterday of 2000 francs, to which I, of course, turned an incredulous ear. The country is wonderfully flat, and near the sea a little marshy ; but nearer Bruges it becomes

very rich indeed, the Canal being bounded by rows of trees, and looking now and then over a great extent of country. The women are generally dressed in black cloaks, which almost cover the face, and are peculiarly appropriate in a Catholic country. The Canal of Bruges is about seventeen feet deep, and vessels of 500 tons may reach the town. We entered the town, after walking from the Canal through a fine avenue, about eight o'clock, and were of course too late to see much of it that evening. What we did see, however, gave us the impression that it has been one of the finest cities in Europe, and that few surpass it in remains of ancient magnificence. Instead of supping at the table d'Hôte, we took coffee, and went to bed.

Monday, 9th May.—Rose about six, and had a walk about the town, which is absolutely superb, breakfasted, and went to the Church at Notre Dame, where we heard Mass exquisitely performed. This Church has a spire about 400 feet high. We then walked to the Church of St. Salvador, from which we had heard a procession was to move. Indeed, we had observed in many of the streets triumphal arches of linen, and branches of trees, with a hundred images of saints, and of Christ, and the Virgin and Child, with copious Flemish notices, and desires that the inhabitants of Bruges would show themselves worthy of their city. The procession not being

forthcoming, we went to the Grand Square, where very soon it appeared. In the first place, about a hundred little girls dressed in white, with interesting countenances, marched slowly in two files, at about thirty feet distance, over the flowers which had been strown for them. Then the same number of boys followed ; all appeared to be reading attentively, and were attended by religieux. Then followed the crafts with their flags ; they were four in number, and the members of each considerable. Then came a number of monks in splendid dresses, and four rows of novices, who swung silver censers in the air, distributing their perfumes. Last of all came the image of the Holy Sepulchre, at which sight the whole immense concourse of people dropped on their knees. The sight was most imposing. After the procession had passed, we edged our way to the Church of Notre Dame, and got upon the top of the steeple, whence we saw the country thirty miles round, and we saw the lines of the procession defile from some of the streets below us.

We had table d'Hôte at one, and opposite my father and me sat three of the prettiest English sisters I ever saw ; but she near me was so much tainted with the bashfulness of her country, that she was inconvertible. She declined drinking wine with my father, but helped herself from our bottle afterwards, thinking it was the property of the table ; I half expected that, on discover-

ing her mistake, she would be constrained to make an apology, but she was much too shy even for this. If ever I meet with her again, I will put her in mind of it.

The holy blood of the Messiah was to be distributed in the grand square at five o'clock; but we did not see this, having taken a long walk round the city. We found in a beautiful promenade at the porte de Garde, the beau monde of Bruges, and although it was the evening of a grand festival, we only saw one drunk man. The country on the Ghent side is one immense garden.

(Tuesday). We have to-day come from Bruges in a charming barque à six chevaux, and dined on board exquisitely, changing our plates about twelve times! that is, eating of twelve dishes. Papa wished for you, that he might have set you down beside the cook, who was a very gentlemanly like man. The dinner consisted of soup, half a dozen different kinds of fish, cutlets, chickens, &c., and asparagus and spinach admirably dressed; after this we had puddings and a dessert. This is the every day dinner, and such is the admirable travelling here, that one may go in one day from Ostend to Brussels (76 miles) and have a splendid breakfast and dinner, all for the sum of ten francs, or 6/8. Tell Dr. ——— this when you see him; and tell him that the canals are charming, and

command most extensive views. We were much amused while upon deck, by a particular aquatic plant (*Nymphaea*), which regularly, as our barge approached, dipped under water. We reached Ghent about half-past three, and came to this inn, the *Hôtel des Pays Bas*, where we are superbly lodged. Our bed-room, in which I write, is splendid. We occupy two couches, far finer than the King's at Dalkeith. Our room is fourteen feet high, eighteen feet long, and sixteen broad. The cornice consists of figures of archers *en silhouette*. The room is beautifully papered ; and between our two windows, which are ten feet high, and look out on the Grand Market-place, we have a mirror on a marble chimney-piece. The mirror is in a gilded frame, and the walls are painted with vines in gold. The glass is five feet high. Instead of a fire, we have a beautiful fruit-piece in a marble urn ; and the rest of the furniture is very elegant, the drawers being covered with beautiful slabs of marble.

HAERLEM, 20th May, 1825.

Now, I will again give you an abstract of our transactions since Ghent.

Wednesday, 11th May, Ghent.—Rose about half-past

seven, and, after some excellent coffee, took a promenade through the city, which is superb. Called at a bookseller's, who gave us a good deal of information about the city; and also the directions of some collections of paintings: one of them, belonging to Mr. Schamp, we saw; Mr. S. has some good things, and is evidently an enthusiast. I had studied a long French speech to make to him, but found it quite unnecessary, as he was quite willing to show us his collection. We afterwards saw the Cathedral of St. Bavo, where there are some of the oldest paintings known in oil. In the evening we had a charming walk round the town, and saw part of the process of bleaching going on. The bleachfields are beautiful, being surrounded by trees, canals, and country seats.

Thursday, 12th May, Ghent to Antwerp.—Rose about half-past four. What say you to that? Went to Antwerp per Diligence through a very richly cultivated and populous country; passed through two towns, each with about 11,000 inhabitants, and after driving through some fine avenues of trees, saw the magnificent spire of Antwerp Cathedral before us. The country about Antwerp is quite destitute of trees, as it is a fortified city, but the ramparts are well clothed. We passed the Scheldt, (here broader than the Thames at London,) and set foot in this far famed city.

Friday, 13th May, Antwerp.—To-day we saw all the

curiosities of Antwerp, except climbing the spire, which is four hundred and sixty-six feet high. We spent two hours in a collection of pictures, which is a fine one. Saw a monument to an honest blacksmith, who fell in love with a painter's daughter, and turned painter, and a first rate one, too, for her sake. But you have no idea what connoisseurs we have become ; the names of Vaneyck, Vrindt, Wouvermans, Berghem, are grown quite familiar to us, and we discuss quite fluently their merits. We found another Scotchman in Antwerp, of the name of Baillie, who is a half-pay officer, and engaged in the silk trade ; he managed to dispose of some handkerchiefs to us.

Saturday, 14th May, Antwerp to Rotterdam.—Rose at half-past five ; a steamboat to Rotterdam, and a very cold bleak sail. The country seems to struggle for existence with the sea. Reached Rotterdam about four ; and delivered some of our introductions.

Sunday and Monday 15th and 16th.—Engaged in parading this queer town, and walking about the neighbourhood. Went to the Scotch Kirk, and heard a good sermon from a Reverend Dr. Anderson ; a poor congregation. Walked also to see an immense steamboat building for Batavia, 230 feet long. A call from a young Dutchman, a genteel, pleasant youth ; he promised to visit us on his first Scotch tour.

Tuesday 17th, Hague.—Left Rotterdam about ten,

and passed through Delft, the high steeple of which we climbed ; arrived at the Hague about four, and took a walk in the wood, which is a most delightful promenade. In the evening we went to the theatre, where we heard a Dutch play, of which we understood a little. Our inn here was the Seven Churches of Rome.

Wednesday, 18th.—Walked to Scheveling across the mountains to the sea, a fine avenue of trees ; another walk in the wood, and then go to Leyden by canal, in three hours and a half, for eleven pence each. This is a beautiful town.

Thursday 20th.—Went down to Catteryk to see the Rhine fall into the sea. The Rhine at this time does not deliver as much water as the Blackburn. Afternoon, went to Haerlem, where we now are.

We have travelled in Holland completely by canals, and find it very pleasant indeed. This is the first warm day we have had since leaving Antwerp ; and I do not think the Dutch are so early as we are. We have seen to-day the tulips, one of them worth about £10. It is Louis XVI.

We have learned one thing satisfactorily, viz. that it is a very great mistake to suppose one can travel with much benefit through Holland without a knowledge of Dutch, and we have regretted much our want of it. We improve fast, however, among the Mynheers, and

like their mightinesses very well. As a specimen of our observation and improvement, I tell you that we had yesterday green pease to dinner, they were unshelled, and very young. The pod not begun to swell, and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches long. Nothing is taken off but the calyx or stalk. Try this dish, boiling them, I think, with a little sugar, and put a little butter to them; it is delicious. Try a small quantity, though.

The travellers returned to Scotland in July, Sandie's health being perfectly restored.

The following verses were written in September 1825, and appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for February following.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine! the Rhine! may on thy flowing river

The sun for ever shine;

And on thy banks may freedom's light fade never—

Be blessings on the Rhine!

The Rhine ! the Rhine ! my fancy still is straying,
To dream of Wilhelmine,
Of auburn locks 'mid balmy breezes playing,
Be blessings on the Rhine !

The German knight his lance hath bravely broken
By lofty Schreckenstein ;
The German maid her tale of love hath spoken
Beside the flowing Rhine.

And shall we fear the threat of foreign foemen,
Though Europe all combine ?
The fiery Frank, the Gaul, the haughty Roman,
Found graves beside the Rhine.

With patriot zeal the gallant Swiss is fired
Beside that stream of thine ;
The dull Batavian on thy banks inspired,
Shouts Freedom ! and the Rhine !

Germania's sons ! fill, fill your foaming glasses
With Hochheim's sparkling wine,
And drink, while life, and love, and beauty passes,
Be blessings on the Rhine !

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST NIECE.

There are some feelings in this vale of tears,
Which recompense an age of suffering ;
The unthinking innocence of childhood's years,
The love which parent to her child endears,
The union hallowed by the marriage ring.
Yet is there one still more ecstatic bliss,
One moment of delight most deep, most wild,—
'Tis when a mother seals her first fond kiss,
And long, long gazes on her first-born child !

Gaze on, gaze on—no flattering dream is this ;
With untaught prattle shall thy babe ere long
Call thee “ my mother,” and, with many a kiss,
Smile to thy smile, and listen to thy song ;
While thou, with all a mother's tenderness,
Shalt watch each little motion of her eye,
Point out each step on life's deceitful road,
Teach her young mind with faith to look on high,
And guide thy child to happiness and God !

6th October, 1825.

A remarkable characteristic of the author of these Remains was a quiet but strong vein of humour, which was seldom exhibited in external mirth, but manifested itself not the less happily, sometimes in practical facetiæ, at others, in adopting and sustaining fanciful or historical characters, in which he had considerable power of assuming the appropriate air and language. It will readily be understood that most of these productions were of an ephemeral and occasional character; and that, of the few which are extant, it is not easy to give a complete specimen. There is a letter, "in the oriental style," written in 1823 to his future sister-in-law. It is ornamented with a flowered border, twined into wreaths at the four corners, each of which contains an epithet of love; "Maid of the rosy lips," "Maid of the jessamine locks," "Maid of the eye of the fawn," &c. It begins, "Do not thy amber locks move? Do not thy heaven-arched eyebrows contract, thou soul-killer, to see the reed of thy slave?" The vale of Clyde is styled the "Khorassan of Shady Woods," Edinburgh, "Shiraz," and two lines (probably made for the occasion) are quoted from "our sweet Hafiz."

The following paragraphs are taken from an

epistle, written in a similar spirit, shortly after his return from Holland, to a family with whom he maintained a very delightful intercourse and correspondence. The title of “Knight of the Biscuit” had been conferred upon him in commemoration of a happy effort to entertain a party by providing every variety of biscuit to be procured in Edinburgh.—

Righte and true are the tidings ye have heard, most witty ladies, of him of y^e Biscuit,—certes is he returned from foreign travel improved in his outer man, *i. e.* in health and strength; and, if he be also improved in mental accomplishments, it would ill become him to speak of the same; suffice it to say, he hath not forgotten his older friends, neither hath he found cause, during his journeying in a far country, to love his own land the less.

But truly, the valiant knight hath seen much during his peregrinations. He hath sighed at the sad battlements of London Tower and Bridge, where many a head of the brave and the noble has been ignominiously displayed—he hath ruminated among the tombs of the good and the great in “Westminster’s old Abbaye”—he hath lamented over the end of the unhappy Charles at Whitehall—he hath dreamed of the puissant Charles V. at

Ghent, of departed greatness at Antwerp and Bruges, of patriotism at the Hague and Leyden, and of the decay of chivalry in the halls of the Lion's Fort, in the forests of Germany !

* * * * *

Among my other studies while abroad, I have obtained some insight into the culinary art, and have brought home a treatise on that most noble and ancient science, by the help of which I have made preparations at Melville for the giving a dinner, à l' Allemande on Saturday next, to a select party. You shall hear of the success, bad or good, of this daring experiment, when you have again the happiness of meeting

Your humble knight,

and obedient servant to command,

ALEX. COWAN.

Given at my poor dwelling in the citie of Edenburg, this thirteenth day of the ninth month of ye year of grace, M.DCCC.XXV.

Wythe care ande speid.

The banquet after the German fashion, was conceived and carried through in that happy spirit of humour above alluded to. No dishes appeared upon

the table ; these were carved at a side table by servants, and handed round. The other arrangements, in so far as these were peculiar, will be seen from the following

RULES and REGULATIONS to be observed by all the Guests of Master ALEX^R. COWAN, Junior et Major, on the xxist anniversary of his nativity, y^e ninth day of IXBER, M.DCCC.XXV. at Melville Mill, in the house of his father.

1. The Company will meet in the withdrawing room, which they sall leave, after ane short speech of Maister Alex., for the dining-room, at five o'clock.
2. Ilk gentleman sall leid down a lady.
3. Ane Ticket will be found on every plate, where each of the Company is to sit down, and on no account sall any person pretend to change this order.
4. No person sall pretend to ask for anie thing to eit, nor sall he or she speak concerning eatables, but drink may be asked for, *i. e.* water and wine.
5. No gentleman sall speak to a gentleman, or lady to a lady, except by means of the person sitting between them ; and no person shall whisper at all.
6. Each lady sall be answerable that the gentleman sitting by her do not drink or eat too much, but

there is no controul to be preserved over the lady's drinking.

7. Not more than ten persons sall speak at once. Fine, a glass of wine.
8. No person sall refuse to sing when desired so to do. Fine, no more wine.
9. The same pun sall not be made more than four times, and, to ensure this, no person sall laugh after the third time.
(This was thought to be a necessary hint to *one* gentleman.)
10. No person sall tell any story exceeding the bounds of probability, nor sall any persone impose on the credulity of the Company.
11. Every person sall laugh at least once in every five minutes, and, if he want a laughing stock, he is requested to look at himself; and no person sall be permitted to lose his wits or his temper.
12. Any person who is dissatisfied with the above Regulations is requested instantly to leave the house.

Given at our Court, this 7 day of Nov^r 1825.

ALEXANDER R.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

Hail, day to muse on things of earth !
Hail, day to muse on things above !
Hail, day of gladness, and of mirth,
And peace and love !

Hail, flowers of the returning year,
Which spring awhile to bud and bloom,
And seek, when ye have wither'd here,
The peaceful tomb !

When first the sun through darkness broke,
To view fair Nature's wondrous birth,
The voice of May it was that woke
The new-born Earth.

And thus Heaven's warm and genial air,
Soft breathing from the ethereal skies,
Painted each flower that flourish'd fair
In Paradise.

And thus, upon the blessed Isles,
For ever blows the glowing breeze,
Where never die youth's happy smiles,
Nor lives disease.

And thus, through the funereal groves,
Sighs mournfully the zephyr's breath,
And soothes the dead, with voice of love,
Who sleep beneath.

Perchance, when in the Almighty's fire,
This orb of earth together rolls,
This is the breath which shall inspire
Our deathless souls !

While time's short span is fleeting fast,
And all approaches to the tomb,
Hail, mirror of blest ages past,
And life to come !

1st January, 1826.

THE SUABIAN KNIGHT TO HIS SON.

Son, receive thy father's spear,
Which my arm forgets to bear ;
Don these arms, and wear this shield ;
Rein my steed in battle-field !

On these few and snow-white hairs,
Helm hath shone these fifty years,
Every year, in bloody fight,
Have I proved my faulchion bright.

With the sword, the axe, and mace,
Great Duke Rudolph did me grace,
Under him for fame I burned,
And proud Henry's guerdon spurned.

Severed was Duke Rudolph's right,
Yet his left hand, in the fight,
Grasp'd the sword, and dealt the blow
Of freedom on the haughty foe.

Poise the spear, the faulchion wield,
Emp'ror Conrad takes the field ;
Slightingly they must not speak
Of me, though mine arm be weak.

Aye be ready for the fray ;
Where the battle rages, slay ;
Spare the weak unarmed foes ;
Kill the slave that dares oppose.

Draw thy sword, and ne'er in vain,
Till thy father's foes be slain.

Stoutly watch in darkest night,—
Be a lightning in the fight.

If thy soldiers wav'ring stand,
And thy flag hath lost command,
Thou, my son ! alone must brave
The countless foes' uplifted glaive !

Boy ! I saw thy brothers fall,
Seven men, true Germans all,
And thy mother, from that day,
Slowly drooped and pined away.

Boy ! I am alone and grey ;—
But, be thou less brave than they,—
Rather would I see again,
Seven corses on the plain !

Fear thy God, and fear not death,
Value not this human breath,
Never from thy faith depart,—
Glad shall be thy father's heart !

And, if early thou must die,—
Broken e'en this last dear tie,
Gladly, then, to thee I'll come,
And meet thee in a better home.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Inserted in Blackwood's Magazine for June 1826.

The first of May ! The first of May !
Right welcome is the sunny ray
That lights the field, the wood, the lea,
And wakes the thrush's melody.
I hear the jocund village train,
That welcome summer once again,
And gather, at the early dawn,
Those pearls which glitter on the lawn ;
For, charm'd by gentle sprite and fay,
Is dew upon the first of May !

The priest who clomb the Brocken's brow,
And paid to Bel th' adoring vow,
To greet with bloody sacrifice,
The first red blush of summer skies,—
The heathen priest is passed away,
But aye returns the first of May !

The English youth, the English maid,
Who deck the May-pole in the glade,
And trip so jocundly along,
And wake the echo with their song,

And dance upon the village green,
And homage pay to village Queen,—
Both youth and maid must pass away,
But aye returns the first of May !

And yet, with each returning year,
The linnet chants his warbling clear,
And glitters bright the charm'd May-dew,
And moans the sorrowful cuckoo,
Springs from the earth the scented flower,
All wet with April's pearly shower,—
Both youth and maid must pass away,
But aye returns the first of May !

All, all must change,—all, all must fade,—
The blooming May, the blooming maid ;
The seasons shall forget to roll,
And melt with heat the frozen pole,—
All, all must change,—all, all must fade,—
All, save the never-dying soul ;
The world itself must pass away,
Nor dawn another first of May.

Perchance, when May comes round again,
'Twill find me on the bed of pain,
Or all I love be dead and gone,
And I upon the earth alone.

When buds again the beechen tree,
Too late, perchance, 't will bud for me,
And I may sleep upon the bier,
Too sound the linnet's song to hear,
Too cold for Summer's sun to cheer,—
Yes! I myself may pass away,
Nor see another first of May.

Fear not, my soul! tho' all must fade,
Tho' friends thou lovedst well be dead,
Be thou, through God, from sin estranged,
Thro' Him thou never shalt be changed;
Those friends to thee shall never die.
Far, far beyond that azure sky
Thou 'lt live, when burst these bonds of clay,
In Heav'n, in one eternal May.

IMMORTALITY.

The fifth Meditation Poétique of M. de Lamartine.

The Sun of life fades even from his rise;
Upon the languid frame he scarce hath shed
A few dull rays which faintly light the skies,
Ere spreads the shade—day darkens—all is dead.

Others at this may tremble and grow pale,
Shrink from the steep which bounds death's dreary vale,
Nor dare, without a shudd'ring heart of fear,
The mournful chanting of the dead to hear,
Who echo round the couch the struggling sigh
Of brother or of friend about to die—
Nor the far bell, whose sad despairing toll
Knells the departure of another soul!—
I bid thee hail, oh death! path for the free,
Far other aspect dost thou wear to me
Than that in which by error thou art clad;
Thine arm doth brandish no destroying blade,
Nor stern thy brow, nor terrible thine eye,
Sent by a God to succour misery;
Thou com'st to free—not to destroy!—'tis thine,
Blest messenger, to bear a torch divine,
Which, when these weary eye-lids seek repose,
Shall the pure light of other realms disclose,
And near thee, too—Hope, leaning o'er the tomb,
Reclines on Faith, and shows a better home.—

Come then, and burst the chains of earthly things,
Open these prison doors;—lend me thy wings,
Why! why delay—approach, and let me burst
To that great Being whence I came at first.

Why sever'd?—What am I?—What must I be?—

I die, and know not why this world I see.

Thou whom I ask in vain, thou unknown guest,

What sphere was thy abode before my breast?

What arm hath bound thee in this narrow cell?

What power confines thee in this prison frail?

What sympathy unknown, what links refined,

Connect so firm the body and the mind?

What day shall give to thee another birth?

For what new palace wilt thou quit this earth?

Hast thou forgotten all? Beyond the tomb

Shall new forgetfulness be still thy doom?

Wilt thou live o'er another life like this;

Or, in thy God, thy origin and bliss,

From galling chains of life for ever freed,

Taste of the pleasures for the just decreed?

Such is my constant hope, beloved Elvire,

And therefore 'twas, without one thought of fear,

I watched the brilliant colours of the spring

From thy fair cheek for ever take their wing:

And thus though young, yet poisoned to the core,

Thou'lt see me smiling sleep to wake no more;

And at our last adieu my tearful eye

Shall tell how blest it is near thee to die.

Thy hope, the Epicurean cries, is vain;

And those proud sages who would read the brain,

Who dream that science in the skull can show,
Dull matter think, and duller reason grow.
Fool, they will say, mistaken in thy pride,
Around thee look, what lives, and what hath died.
All, all decays, and all is formed to fade ;
On yonder lawn the floweret hangs her head—
In the dark forest, see the cedar tall,
Bent by the weight of years, split, crash, and fall ;
The lake hath vanished from that desert vale—
The skies—the skies themselves—wax faint and pale.
We know not when that sun began to roll,
Yet he too hastens to the engulfing goal,
And in the pathless heavens, despairing men
Shall seek him, but shall find him not again.
Look still around, and lo ! where day by day,
Ages to ages add their kindred clay ;
And, to rebuke thy pride, the waning earth,
All things entombs to which she gave a birth.
And yet, dare weak and wretched man assume,
That he shall 'scape the universal doom ?
Saved in the storm, when all hath passed away,
Shall he alone be left to dream for aye ?

Others may cavil, sages, at your theme,
Leave me my error,—love must always dream ;

Let feeble reason from the contest fly,
Reason is naught, but conscience shall reply
For me, though all these glorious stars should chase
In wild confusion, through eternal space ;
Though frozen orb on frozen orb should roll,
And rend th' ethereal heav'ns from pole to pole ;
Though this our earth, so beautiful and fair,
Should float a desert in the sunless air,
Weeping the fate of proud and godlike man,
And lost in night where never eye should scan ;
And though, last witness of that scene, I stood,—
Around me darkness, death, and solitude,
Still would I dare to hope ; a thing of dust,
In the Creator I would ever trust ;
Sure that an endless dawn must soon appear,
I'd wait thee on the rent and ruined sphere.

Often thou know'st in yonder blest abode,
Where from one glance our love immortal flow'd,
Now on the summit of the hoary steep,
Now where the mountain lake dashed wide and deep,
Guided by God and piety we gazed
In yonder wilds, delighted and amazed ;
Where stretching from the Alp upon the plain,
Dark clouds concealed awhile the rich champagne.
Then silently approaching on the night,
A choir of stars would shine with paler light,

Restoring, in a fairer softer hue,
The landscape which had vanished from the view.
Thus in the proud Cathedral, when the west
Beckons the sun to seek his nightly rest,
The lamp which sheds around the pious ray,
Fills God's own temple with a holier day.

O'erflowing then with love thou ledd'st mine eye,
To gaze from sky to earth, from earth to sky :
Yes, God unseen, thou said'st this is thy fane,
Nor seeks the mind her Maker here in vain :
Of thy perfections, which she seeks to know,
The image and the shadow here below ;
Thy smile is beauty, and thy glance is day,
O'er all, the heart and soul their homage pay.
Eternal, infinite, all-powerful, good,
(Words to express thy being far too rude,)
The soul appalled by thy glory's blaze,
In eloquence of silence offers praise ;
And yet, Creator ! by thy law sublime,
The humble soul to thee may dare to climb ;
And knowing that her duty is to love,
Burn to be near thee in the realms above !

Thou said'st, then would our hearts together glow
Towards that Being whom we sought to know.
Upon our knees, adoring everywhere,
The morn, the ev'ning witness of our prayer ;

And our delighted eyes would love to roam
O'er earth, our exile, and on heaven, our home.

If, in those moments, when the burning mind
Would gladly burst the chains where 'tis confined,—
If God, in pity granting our desire,
Had freed us with one bolt of heavenly fire.
Soaring aloft, and bounding to their source,
Worlds would our souls have pierced in their course ;
And through infinitude, on wings of love,
Like flaming sunbeams darted far above,
And trembling, when they came their God before,
Mingled and dwelt with him for evermore !

Am I deceived ? and is this but a dream,—
Formed for annihilation is my frame ?
And, following the body's gloomy path,
Does the soul vanish in the night of death ?
Is it a thing, which rays of light exhale ?
Or dies it like a sound upon the gale ?
After the struggling sigh, the last farewell,
Doth nothing love thee which once loved so well ?
For that great secret, I will ask but thee,—
See thy bard die, Elvire, and answer me !

Written in December 1826.

LINES

Suggested by a Poem of Rogers.

Thou canst not, if thou art not born again,
Into God's kingdom enter—all in vain
Are virtue, honour, and integrity,
And innocence, and truth—thou still must die !

Oh, righteous God, what is this second birth ?
Who stands before thee 'mong the sons of earth
Who shall escape thy justice and thy wrath ?
What arm can save us from the might of death ?

See'st thou a little worm on yonder leaf ?

Like thee along the beaten track it crawls,
Dark is the journey, and its life is brief,

The goal is near—it trembles, and it falls.
Yet when 'tis born again, a butterfly,
On wings, by Heaven bestowed, it seeks the sky.

AUCHTERMAIRNIE, 29th August 1826.

AN ACROSTIC.

Written at Kilrenny Manse, 3d September 1826.

Abode of peace ! to thee the fancy strays,
Unsatisfied with life's cold heartless glare,
Conjuring still, in colours bright and fair,
Hill, field, and wood, the scenes of other days !
To thee, to thee, the mind oppressed with care,
Ever, as to the healing plantain leaf,
Reverts, and, if I ask a cure for care,
My wounded spirit fondly whispers, there !
And you, kind friends of gay and serious mood,
In day dreams sad, all smiling I behold,
Renewing in this heart so chill and cold,
Noble ambition to be just and good.
Islet of peace in memory's stormy sea !
Ever, till life is o'er, I'll cherish thee !

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

Father, I call on thee !
Hoarsely and loudly the cannons are clashing !
Fearfully round me the lightnings are flashing !
Leader of battles, I call on thee,—
Father, do thou guide me !

Father, do thou guide me !
Guide me to victory, or to the tomb !
Lord, I acknowledge thy heavenly doom !
Lord, as thou wilt, so guide me,—
God, I acknowledge thee !

God, I acknowledge thee !
When in sere autumn the hollow winds rattle,
When the loud thunder doth rage in the battle !
Merciful God, I acknowledge thee,—
Father, do thou bless me !

Father, do thou bless me !
Into thy hand my life is commended,
Thou gavest it birth, and by thee 'twill be ended !
Living or dying, bless thou me,—
Father, I praise thee !

Father, I praise thee !
This is no struggle for earthly reward,
Drawn is the faulchion our holiest to guard !
Conquering, dying, I praise thee,—
Father, dispose of me !

Father, dispose of me,
When the loud thunder of death shall astound me,
When my blood flows, and dark forms float around me !
To thee, oh my God, I commend me !
Father, I call on thee !

(1826.)

Körner, killed at the battle of Dannenburg, near Lüneburg, in 1813, the first lyric poet of Germany. He served in the free corps of Lützow. His monument is at Wöbbelin, in the Mecklenburg.

A dirge upon the death of Weber is so imperfect in the original MS., that only the following lines can be given,—

(AIR—Lützow's Wild March.)

On his lowly tomb the fairies shall weep,
His vigils sad never forsaking,
They shall chant his own strains where the minstrel doth
sleep,
And for ever shall watch his repose so deep,
A repose which knows not awaking !
And their mournful voices shall chant again,
“ No more hearest thou thy loveliest strain ! ”

Yet be sad no more ; let us sing it around,—
The minstrel true knows no dying,
And a thousand voices shall ask again,
Once more the minstrel's loveliest strain. .⁴

ON THE DEATH OF MR. HENRY WOOD,

Which happened suddenly on 5th September 1826.

A father's tale of life is told :

I hear the sounds of woe,
The hands which kindly pressed, are cold,
Those arms shall ne'er again enfold
Those whom he loved below !
And ye are weeping o'er the bier,—
Your sole relief the gushing tear !

Be thou resigned, sad, bursting heart,
Calm be the eye that weepeth,
For faith can peace and hope impart,
No sting hath the destroyer's dart,
He is not dead, but sleepeth !
In glory shall his soul arise
To seek its God beyond the skies !

The heartless world forgets the dead,
Forgets that they have been,
But long they live, though life have fled,
In hearts which once they cherished
Upon this changeful scene.
And he will live, till life departs,
In pleasing memory in your hearts.

When night hath spread her shadowy veil,
And hushed is all beneath,
His spirit hovers on the gale,
And pitying listens to the wail
Of those who weep his death,
And pleads, with all a father's love,
Before a Father's throne above.

The worm, his darkened journey o'er,
Weaves him a tomb, and dies.
And lo ! who was so vile before,
On airy wing aloft shall soar,
A creature of the skies.
That worm is man ! when death is given,
He wings his blessed flight to Heaven.

He is not dead ! he is not lost !
Weep Christians, weep no more :
Enough on life's wild ocean tost,
The last rude dashing billow crossed,
He treads a happier shore,
Where care, and grief, and sorrow cease,
And all is God, and joy, and peace.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

The famished nestling, as he sees and hears
His mother o'er him flap her covering wings,
When his much longed for nourishment she brings,
Loving her well, his little heart he cheers.

And warm within the nest, relieved from fears,
Anxious to fly with her, around he flings ;
And as he thanks her kindness, fondly sings
A song of love, far, far beyond his years.

And thus inspired by the cheering rays
Of that celestial sun which burns above,
And nourishes with life the drooping soul,
I take the pen, and guided but by love,
Glowing and warm, nor under my control,
The heavenly thoughts I breathe,—I sing his praise.

WOODHOUSELEES, 16th September 1826.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE.

Philosophy ! say, what is life ?
A voyage in a gilded bark,
Upon a sea of storm and strife.
Whither ? I know not, all is dark ;
The ocean may be calm a while,
And gallantly the bark may ride,
And sometimes skies appear to smile
Upon the false and fickle tide :
But time steals on, the cordage fails,
The vessel strains before the breeze,
No port is near, rent all her sails,
The bark hath vanished from the seas.

Religion ! tell me what is life ?
A voyage in a broken skiff,
Upon a sea with dangers rife,
Eddy, and tempest, surf, and cliff.
Yet fear not, Christian, all is safe,
Though darkness shroud the stormy sky ;
Though fierce and hoarsely ocean chafe,
Thy beacon fire shines bright on high ;
Though frail thy bark, thou art not lost,

Hope, faith, and love, thy course shall guide.
Watch, Christian ! thou hast gained the coast,
And vanquished is the raging tide.

Futurity ! say what is life ?
A voyage on a sea of bliss ;
Broken is the destroyer's knife,
And all is love and happiness.
A voyage 'tis of endless joy,
A voyage which shall last for aye,
Of happiness without alloy,
Of love which knoweth no decay ;
And angels hover on the wing,
Before the throne of God above ;
And myriads of seraphs sing,
Eternal praise, eternal love !

DEATH.

Philosophy ! say what is death ?
An endless, and a dreamless sleep.
The desolation on the path,
Where pitiless the tempests sweep :
The setting of a clouded sun,
The waning of an April day,
A darkness which shall ne'er be done,
A night which ne'er shall pass away ;

A flame which burneth up the scroll,
Whereon was writ an idle tale
Of life, and love, and heart, and soul—
All gone, like music on the gale.

Religion ! tell me what is death ?
'Tis life, where God is not adored,
A tuneless lyre, where mercy's breath
Awakens no responsive chord.
Thou floatest on an angry sea,
And thou art nought, and hope is fled ;
No star of faith doth shine for thee,
No sun of love can cheer the dead.
Still there is mercy, child of earth,
Oh, turn thee from destruction's path ;
Though lost, and dead, a second birth
Will save thee from a second death.

Futurity ! say what is death ?
Alas ! it is no place of rest ;
A desert where God's lightnings scathe,
And harrow up the guilty breast,
And conscience proves her rankling dart,
And nought of calmness hath despair ;
Eternal torments sear the heart—
For God and mercy are not there.

And terror, and remorse rage on,
Dire engines of Almighty wrath ;
And sleep, and rest, are all unknown,
Mortal ! such is the second death !

MELVILLE, 16th October 1826.

FRAGMENT

Written in 1827.

Life ! Death ! Eternity ! those words of fear,
Which all unwelcome, jar on pleasure's ear.
Life ! Death ! Eternity ! say what are these ?
The tide, the ebb, th' expanse of boundless seas,
The Christian's theme, the unbeliever's jest,—
Appalling words that harrow up the breast !

From the termination of his apprenticeship in 1826, Sandie began to receive, in occasional illnesses, repeated intimations of a tendency to pulmonary complaints. The effect of these was to withdraw him, for the time, from business, and thus, indirectly, on

doubt, to cherish that literary predilection, which he had formed and maintained.

In 1827, he became acquainted with Miss Jane Annesley Thompson, his future wife ; and formed an engagement with her in the autumn of that year. In the summer of the same year, he made two excursions to the Highlands ; and in 1828 and 1829, he made frequent visits to Keswick, where Miss Thompson was residing. These notices, along with the others which will occur incidentally, will sufficiently explain any allusions in the following poems, &c. which were composed in the interval between the termination of his apprenticeship and his marriage on 1st September, 1829.

SONNETTO

Addressed to J. A. T. on February 14, 1827.

(St. Valentine's Day.)

Lady ! I read thy face, and in thine eye
I see pourtray'd thine innocence of mind ;
And in thy soft and sunny smile I spy
Traits of a heart benevolent and kind !

Lady ! I read thy soul, and there I find
A throne where knowledge sits enshrined on high ;
Open as day, and playful as the wind,
And pure, and boundless, as the azure sky !
Lady ! I read thy heart, but can I tell
The filial love, the true benevolence
Which there with peace and virtue love to dwell,
And native gaiety, and bright romance !
These have I read, and oh ! that I might dare
To hope my name may e'er be written there.

Dated Firenze, February 13, 1827.

THE EXILE AND THE SWALLOW.

From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.

Ah ! fly me not, poor wanderer,
Come, rest thy weary wings by me ;
Ah ! fly me not, a friend is here,
For I'm a wanderer like thee.

And doubtless from a mother's breast,
Fate rent thee, poor lone bird, like me ;
Here at my window build thy nest,
I am an exile too, like thee.

And both have felt life's stormy weather,
Then fear not to remain with me ;
And when thou mourn'st we'll mourn together,
I am unfortunate, like thee.

20th April, 1827.

THE BUTTERFLY.

From the French of de Lamartine.

Born with the spring, and dying with the rose,
To float on balmy breeze in azure sky,
Alight on every painted flower that blows,
Maddened with life, and light, and being's joy ;
And when at length it seeks a blest repose
Far into heaven's ethereal vault to fly—
Such is the lot of yonder butterfly !
And such the human heart or human love,
Won by a smile, lost by an idle sigh !
Unblest, we wander on from toy to toy,
In vain we would each empty pleasure prove,
Until we seek true happiness above !

14th June, 1827.

ASSIGNATIO DAPIS.

I, Alexander Cowan, junior, equestrian, Free Baron of Germany, Knight of the Golden Fleece, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., being duly infest and seized in an invitation to dine with the Right Honourable ———, Archon and Ambassador of the Athenians, Leader of the Athenian Fleet, Meganaos, Secretary for the Pnyx, as also known by the name of Aristophanes the younger, Great Punster, Essayist, Master of Billiards, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Envoy Extraordinary from the Thirty Tyrants to the Court of London, do hereby, in consideration of an ocean of folly, transfer and make over from me to and in favour of ———, Painter to Artaxerxes, Emperor of Persia, and President of the Euterpean Society, the said invitation, with parts, pendicles, and pertinents, outfield, infield, tofts, crofts, meat, drink, salt, wit, pepper, puns, mutton, potatoes, fishings, with liberty to cut feal and divot pies, &c. And I consent to the registration hereof in the books of Messrs. ——— & ———, W.S., that the said ——— may, at his peril, dare refuse to infest the said Greasyane Painter. This 25th day of July, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-seven.

Done at Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, by

Der Frei Baron,

A. COWAN.

SONNETTO FROM PIETRO BEMBO.

Composed on the occasion of inviting the Germans into Italy
during the war. Translated in 1827.

Fair land of Heaven—in former ages blest—
Girt round by rugged Alp and peaceful wave ;
Land of the noble once, and good, and brave,
Where Appenine rears high his ancient crest.

Ah ! what avails it—that by fate caress'd,
To thee the Roman Earth's dominion gave ?
He is thy tyrant now who was thy slave,
And plants rebellion's dagger in thy breast !

Alas ! it is thy son that dares to move
Thy fiercest foe of old, by thee enslaved,
Against his mother arm'd to strike her home !
Are these the deeds of Italy and Rome ?
Is this thy fear of God, thy filial love ?
Ah ! most unworthy age—race most depraved !

TO MRS. ———.

MELVILLE, *7th August*, 1827.

MY DEAR MADAM,

The poems I send to you, will acquire their value principally from your friendship for their author. But I doubt not you will like those little translations from the French and German, partly from their poetical merit—as they are closely imitated, and the ideas in the originals are beautiful indeed. Upon the whole, if it be true that the value of a gift of friendship consists in the spirit and motive in which it is offered, I assure you this little remembrance of your friend Sanderino is not the least valuable of your possessions.

You may remember that I once took in hand to try to versify a little on the device of a seal of yours—"The Cross, the Bible, and Eternal Crown." Nothing that I ever attempted has puzzled me more than this, and even now, I am not sure that I have at all succeeded. I have not, in pleasing myself; for I feel a diffidence in clothing any sacred subject in my own earthly words; and I fear to give rise to misconstruction, or to mistake the spirit of the holy book itself. Such as it is (if I make up my mind to send it to you in its present state), may it sometimes recall me to your remembrance.

Do you not envy me my future intimate knowledge of the Italian tongue,* that language of honey and poetry?

If I be well enough, we shall, at some future time, be most happy to visit you. Miss —— tells me you are to meet her at Kilrenny. Happy would I have been to be one. May the three friends who meet there, meet with the same hearts and affections they had when together on a former period. Alas! if there be one true pleasure on this earth, it is surely that of a disinterested friendship, which can look back on past griefs with tranquillity and thankfulness, enjoy present pleasures with humility, and look forward to the future with hope and patience.

I suspect I have been very grave in this epistle, but you must excuse me. Spare me a “wee minute” to write me a long letter before I go. Indeed, I shall write to you when our plans are fixed.

* It was at this time proposed that he should winter in Italy.

LOVE.

Love, love thy friend, the brother of thine heart,
For friendship can a healing balm impart ;
And chiefly love those friends of early youth,
Who whisper words of kindness and of truth,
Who long have loved thee, and who know thee well,
And tell thee, what the world will never tell,
Thy least departure from fair virtue's road ;
And win thee back to friendship, and to God !

Love, love thy spouse, for who like her will share
Thy every blessing, and thy every care !
When thou by fortune and by friends art blessed,
Thy spouse will clasp thee to her loving breast ;
And she, when friends forsake thy wretchedness,
Will, smiling, greet thee with the same fond kiss ;
With roses she will strew thy earthly path,
And whisper comfort in the hour of death.

Love, love thy God, for who hath giv'n thee birth,
And friend and spouse, upon this glorious earth ?
And who, when awful death with dark design
Hath pall'd each heart that fondly beat to thine,

Will be thy friend? Oh father great and good!
Friend of the friendless! Spouse of widowhood!
Give me that love which knoweth no decay,—
That love of thee, which language cannot say;
So shall I still increase in faith and love,
And see my Maker face to face above.

20th August, 1827.—Morning of leaving home with his father and sisters for the Highlands on account of his health. Written in a book of his sister's.

GOD.

From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.

Yes! my soul loves, when freed from galling chains
Of human miseries and human pains,
To leave this prison-house of clay behind,
And wander in the blessed realms of mind!
There, spurning under me the world of tears,
My burning spirit soars to other spheres,
And my soul, straiten'd in this narrow cell,
Loves ever in eternal space to dwell.

Like to a drop in ocean's ceaseless flood,
My mind is lost amid infinitude ;
There, Queen of space, and of eternity,
She dares to measure Time—Immensity !
Give form to chaos, nature's God believe,
And mysteries ineffable conceive.
But when I wish to breathe my bosom's fires,
In feeble efforts every word expires ;
My glowing soul could speak—my tongue confined,
Utters vain sounds—the shadow of my mind.
Two kinds of speech our God hath given us here ;
One sounds all callous in the human ear :
This language cold, which knows no heavenly glow,
Sufficeth for our banishment below,
And following the laws of age and time,
Changes, and dies with every varied clime.
The other speech, eternal and refined,
Is the unchanging language of the mind !
It hath no earthly love that swells around,—
The heart alone can hear its sacred sound ;
To speak that tongue the burning soul aspires,
And kindles at its ever glowing fires ;
The gushing tear, or struggling sigh reveals
The language that the soul so deeply feels ;
'Tis Heaven's own language when we speak by prayer,
And love alone can breathe its genial air !

In the pure regions where I love to be,
Enthusiasm still speaks that tongue to me ;
That is my torch in nature's darkest night,
And that, when reason sees not, gives me light.
Come then, be thou my guide ; above, above,
Let my glad soul arise on wings of love ;
The shadow of my exile disappears.
I 'scape from time, from earthly cares and fears,
I dart, I soar, through realms of boundless space,
And see the truth before me, face to face !
That star which ne'er arose, and ne'er will fade,
Is God, a spirit, who himself hath made ;
He is, in him is all, and space and time
Are of his home,—eternity his age !
Day is his glance, the world his wisdom's page !
By him the innumerable worlds subsist,
And life eternal flows on from his breast
In ceaseless waves, from an exhaustless source,
And finishes where it began its course.
Boundless, like him, his works, the sun, the earth,
Bless, as they rise, the hands which gave them birth ;
He breathes and peoples all infinitude.
He saith, 'tis done ! he sees, and it is good !
And all to him returns, and from his hand
Doth all proceed, his will his sole command ;

That will almighty knows no feeble hour,
That will is wisdom, equity, and power ;
The earth bows humbly to his laws divine,
And chaos worships at his holy shrine.
Unchangeable in power, he can bestow
Intelligence, and love in ceaseless flow,
He blesseth nature with his gifts of love,
And feeble men he maketh gods above.
Gods ! who, the work of his eternal hand,
At an immeasurable distance stand,
And still adore the just and holy one,
God is their end in all ! God is alone !

Such is the God revered in every age,
Whom Abraham served, and whom the Samian sage
And Socrates announced—whom Plato told,
The God whom nature's wondrous works unfold,
Whom justice waits, who to the wretch below
Sends hope, and whom the Saviour came to shew !
No impious image by imposture wrought—
No stock or stone by superstition taught—
No Jupiter by bloody Flamens made,
To whom our ancestors all trembling prayed—
One and alone, just, good, and still the same,—
Earth sees his work, and Heaven knows his name.

Blest who him knows, more blest who him adores ;
He, while the world her ignorance deplores,

Alone, beneath the stars that gem the skies,
Bids every feeling to its source arise ;
While filled with love and gratitude's warm glow,
The aspiring soul burns incense-like below,
Without the aid of Heaven in vain she tries
To burst the influence of earthly ties ;
For would we soar to heaven and heavenly things,
Tis God that lends the darkened spirit wings.
Ah ! wherefore lived I not when man at first,
Ere anger bound his mind, or sin had curst,
Near him, in innocence, and love, and truth,
Walked with his Father in eternal youth.
Ah ! wherefore saw I not blest Eden's sun,
And knew not man ere sin and death begun.
Thou spakest with him, all things spake of thee,
The universe disclosed thy majesty ;
Nature, by thee most wonderfully framed,
Her Maker's glorious name aloud proclaimed,
That name now lost behind the veil of time,
Blazed on his works in characters sublime.
And man, when he would praise thy holy name
Invoked his Father, and his Father came !

Long, as a child thou taught'st the son of earth,
And when thou would'st, thou lov'dst to lead him forth.
Thy glory thou did'st show him, by the rocks
Of Sennar's valleys, and of Mamre's oaks,

In Horeb's bush, or on that blessed hill,
Where thou to Moses did'st make known thy will.
And Jacob's sons, the chosen of mankind,
Manna, thy gift, twice twenty years did find.
In their weak hearts the oracles still blaz'd,
And miracles their gladden'd eyes amazed !
And when they thee forgot, thy angels came,
And to ungrateful men recalled thy name.
At length, like to a stream far from its source,
That pure remembrance alter'd in its course,
And the dark night of ages spread afar
Her shadowy wings around the glorious star ;
No more thou speak'st ; the hand of time consumed
The name which all thy works at first illumed,—
Ages of error faith grew pale to see,
And man placed doubt between the world and thee.

Thy glory from this earth, Oh Lord ! hath flown,
Thy name, thy trace, thy memory unknown ;
To find them, we must struggle 'gainst the course
Of time's dark river to its limpid source :
Thou earth, ye skies ! in vain man looks on you,
He has the temple, but no God in view.
What, though a thousand suns his skill describes,
Which roll eternal in the boundless skies,
He sees no more the power that bade them roll,
And ceaseless wonders cease to touch his soul ;

As they have blazed to-morrow they will blaze :
Who knows when first they shed their glorious rays ?
Who knows if yonder sun, which burns so fair,
Once for the first time lightened through the air ?
Our fathers did not see its earliest ray,
Eternity had no beginning day !
In vain thy providence, upon the mind,
Reveals thy presence, for the heart is blind.
In vain the sceptres of the earthly great,
Vanish from hand to hand, as urged by fate.
Thee, oh ! our God, our hearts have ceased to fear,
And even fame forgets to charm us here !
The wretched earth, or jubilees, or weeps,
But palled with wonders, callous mankind sleeps.
Awaken us, Great God, and change this earth,
Give to the exhausted world a second birth ;
'Tis time, arise ! awake from thy repose,
Let Chaos a new universe disclose.
The wearied eye must brighter prospects find,
And other wonders fix the wavering mind ;
Change, change the order of these boundless skies,
And let another sun before us rise.
This earth, unworthy of thy glory, leave ;
Shew us thyself, and force us to believe.
Perchance, before that bright and splendid sun
Have ceased, at length, his blessed course to run,

The moral sun of mind shall cease to burn,
And light no more the soul's expiring urn.
That day the sun shall cease to give us light,
That day shall shroud the world in endless night.

Then thou wilt burst thy useless work of clay,
And her dark ruins shall for ever say,
I am, without me nothing can subsist ;
When man ceased to believe, he ceased to exist.

Translated in September 1827.

WRITTEN AT THE BEGINNING OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

PREFACE,

Which all who intend writing in this book are requested to peruse.

It has been remarked, or, if it has not, it is a proposition which requires no proof, that a Preface is a mere channel for Egotism. All Prefaces are either egotistical or puffical, either slyly insinuating the great acquirements of the Author, or asserting the unequalled merits of the performance. I must, however, stand acquitted of either of these besetting sins, as, *in primis*. I am not author or possessor of this valued volume ; and, secondly, because there is not yet one word transcribed on its unsullied page.

As I am in the way of making remarks, I may observe that an Album is, in general, an unmeaning, frivolous, and insipid collection of love sick, or rather love sickening verses, childish riddles, and wretched anecdotes and puns ; far from containing any thing original, it consists of the scum of the reading of the day, and there is generally a tiresome sameness throughout, except when some accomplished Miss ! condescends to sketch some “ Forget me not,” through which the boarding school education peeps at every shade. And yet one would expect, from the variety of hands which assist in the formation of this extraordinary work—from the difference of talent, disposition, and character, that a corresponding and pleasing variety of matter would be found in the pages of an Album ; but this is far from being the case, the writers of an Album are either afraid of, or above writing any thing original, and consequently natural, and, supposing they have a good reason for declining this task, they as often want time, or information, or taste, or opportunity for selecting some piece expressive of their own character and feelings, and consonant to the other pieces of the work.

If it be intended, therefore, that an Album prove amusing and instructive, let each contributor write *naturally* ; let the grave be grave, and the gay be gay ; let the melancholy be serious, and the tender melting. When morality on one page brandishes her thick goose quill,

labouring under the mask of interest, to draw the attention of the gay to the truths hid in her lessons—let gaiety jot over the next page with her own airy thoughtlessness, and let the page of melancholy and sadness, over which congenial spirits sigh, be succeeded by the jest.

To the Ladies.—I have yet a word to add, and it is on a subject of no small delicacy I am going to address them. The truth is, I have long suspected that an Album to them was a sort of Register, not only of handwriting, but under its veil, of character and accomplishments ; and I have been confirmed in this supposition, by observing that these fair ladies are very fond of displaying all the qualities which they think it likely gentlemen particularly admire. For instance, I have known a lady who had never stirred out of town, write (or select) a rapturous description of the country, and vice versa ! Nay, I have known ladies select characters which plainly bear the marks of being capable of a near application ! These said Albums are disposed, (accidentally without doubt,) so that gentlemen may have many opportunities of turning over the leaves, and fitting themselves from their contents, as they would with a pair of gloves of the best French kid. I am, however, far from disapproving of this plan ; I think, indeed, that these Registers are exceedingly convenient ; and to render them still more so, I would suggest that ladies, after inserting all their de-

scriptive advertisements, should add not only their full names, but their address, and also their references for fortune, character, &c. By this means, an Album would really become a most useful and entertaining work ; and if we extend the system, gentlemen might occupy the left-hand pages, in somewhat of a similar way. Both parties taking care to signify the requisites of their choice.

In France, public Registers of Hymen are common, and the Ladies of Britain, who do not possess such advantages, are quite excusable if they help themselves by advertising in the Scrap-books of their friends.

LINES

Written 7th October 1827.

Suggested by YOUNG's line—

“ One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.”

Thou moon, ye shining stars, thou azure sky,
Ye solemn woods, thou gently flowing stream,
Thou earth, most beautiful,—Oh ! how can man
Unmoved look on your glory,—and all cold
To beauty, and to love, pass on his way,
Nor see in you the hand that gave you birth.

Yet so it is, oh God ! thy endless works,

Thy ceaseless miracles, arouse no more
One feeling of devotion in the soul
Of thy fallen creature man ;—each day he sees
The sun arise, and gild, with hues of heaven,
The sojourn of his sorrows,—yet that sun
Shines but for him alone,—each night he sees
A thousand suns hymning his Maker's praise,
But hears them not,—for him alone they shine.
Alas ! blind worm, his temple is around,
But where the temple's deity ?

Oh, nature, and oh, heavenly poesy,
'Tis ye have made me what I am,
'Tis ye have taught me what I know, and made me look
Beyond the earth ; yes, ye are my religion,
Whispering blest tales of peace, and love, and hope,
And kindling songs of praise to nature's God ;
For when my slumbering mind, a prey to griefs,
And pris'ner in this narrow cell of clay,
Darkened, and poisoned by my wicked heart,
Will not confess thy glories ; then the muse
Shows thee in every leaf that gilds the bough,
Or strews the ground in Autumn's yellow reign,
Searches around with ever sacred toil,
And clothing every object that I view
In hues ethereal, soars on wings of fire,
And leads my every thought to God and love.

HYMN.

“ My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that do watch
for the morning.—*Psalm CXXX.* ”

Written Sabbath, 25th November 1827.

When dark the night, and loud the storm,
The warder treads the leaguered wall,
And fancies death in every form
Beneath the shadow's fall;
And hears the wailing shriek of death,
Borne on the tempest's scorning breath,
While whistles by the winged ball,
And hoarsely rolls th' artillery's sound.
How fearfully he looks around,
And watches with an anxious eye,
For the first blush of orient sky.

While dark the night, and loud the blast,
The wanderer pursues his way,
And onward struggles through the waste,
Without one guiding ray!
While laughs the fell hyena o'er his prey,
While, boding death, the tigers howl,
And shrieks the solitary owl;

Doth not the wanderer distracted say,
Would it were day !

And thus I watch the city of my soul,
And wander onward through the waste of life,
And hear the thunder of destruction roll,
And feel sin's dreadful strife !
Dark is my doubtful mind,
And nought can light the awful gloom,
And reason she is blind—
And there the tomb !
Faith whispers to my ear—
Believe, and light eternal shall appear !
Yes, blessed Spirit, I will gaze above,
To watch the coming of a God of love !

TO HIS COUSIN H. M.

13th December 1827.

WHEN I thought of writing to you about half an hour ago, I was for some time in doubt whether I had written to you, or you to me, last, and even now I am not quite sure.

I don't remember a word I wrote, so have great risk of making repetitions, which, whatever may be said, original thinkers are much more apt to do than copyists. The original thinker pursues his own train of thought, and has, for his life time almost, his favourite philosophy, theories, and hobbies ; while the person who takes no trouble about thinking for himself at all, and hears merely the superficial talk and emptiness of the day, has, at least, a constant variety to retail. Now, I rather think I am somewhat of an original, or, if an imitator, it is rather a time long since gone by, and a philosophy now almost unknown, that has charms for me ; the pure philanthropy of our excellent Thomson, and the poets called the poets of the heart, delight me ; and I have, for the most part, lost the relish I once possessed for the wild and terrible.

Do you know what the new school of poetry is ? Perhaps not ; at least, whether you do or no, I shall tell you. —Among the followers of the new criticism which has originated in Germany, and is making great progress, Shakspeare is looked upon as the greatest of all poets ; and the romantic, and I might almost say uncultivated, as the first of all poetry. Pope, Boileau, and, in short, all the rhymers of *rule*, are stigmatized merely as rhymers, and not considered poets ; and, in short, it is held, that no one can be a poet by any study or talent, unless he possess that natural warmth of imagination, and that

glowing perception of the beautiful, which alone inspire the language of poetry.—Do you agree with all this? I should fear it is circumscribing the definition too much, for none can deny to Gray and Pope the title of poets, and, indeed, the kinds of poesy are so numerous and distinct, that all poets cannot be said to have the same characteristics. Were I permitted to reduce the thing to any kind of rule, I should prefer dividing poetry into several distinct genera, and then trying the value of each.

Christian poetry most certainly occupies the highest place; and, where the subject is either purely religious, or of a nature in itself sublime, and not in any degree inconsistent with religion, the poet has no excuse for not being eminently successful. But such poems are very few; in English, I think of Thomson's *Seasons* much, but not all of Milton, for much of his poetry is tainted with the false taste of heathen mythology. In English there are also many exquisite hymns, and detached pieces of sacred poetry,—Blair's *Grave*, the *Night Thoughts*, &c. Of all these, Blair's *Grave* is perhaps the most powerful, but not the most improving,—for the religion which speaks by love and charity must always be more valuable than that which operates by fear.

Instead of prosecuting this lecture on poetry, which is already long enough, I am going to give you a specimen of my own hymn writing, on a sacred subject. You re-

member the somewhat remarkable verses in the last chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, where our Saviour declared that the power of working miracles shall always remain with his true disciples. These two verses have been sometimes a stumbling block in the way of Christians, and they struck me as being peculiarly well adapted for a hymn ;—it is well, not only to write a hymn, but to satisfy one's own mind in a proper manner of a doubtful passage ; and, if mine be not the true interpretation, it is not untrue in itself, and is what every follower of Christ should believe.

ST. MARK xvi. 17, 18.

“ And these signs shall follow them that believe ; in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues.

“ They shall take up serpents, and, if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”

They tell us miracles have ceased,
And faith itself grows cold,
And demons from the guilty breast
By feeble man will not be chased,
As they were wont of old.

No more the favoured Christian speaks
 Untaught the stranger's tongue,
Nor now unhurt the serpent takes,
Nor from his sleep of death awakes
 The unprepared, the young.

Believe not thou that love is cold,
 Or Christ no more below ;
He still doth miracles unfold,
And faith, which shone so fair of old,
 Doth yet as brightly glow.

Is it no miracle to chase
 The demons of despair,
When almost run life's darkened race—
So tell the soul of happiness
 Beyond this world of care ?

And still the Christian feels the glow
 Religion bids arise,
And oh ! what happiness to know,
And speak with angels here below
 The language of the skies.

And still unhurt he dares to slay
 Sin's death envenom'd snake,

And dash the poison'd cup away,
And save the thoughtless and the gay,
Even for his Saviour's sake.

And still, upon the bed of death,
The sick he doth restore,
Not to this earth's polluting breath,
But to a life of love and faith
On Heaven's eternal shore.

Almighty! be it mine to know
The wonders of thy love!
From thee all joys—all sorrows flow.
Oh! take my heart from things below
To live with thee above!

6th December.

How do you like it? As M. de la Mennais says, it is impossible, or next to impossible, to find any thing new in the Holy Scriptures, but it is both possible and profitable to state things already known in new and striking lights. And truly, in this view, as Scott observes, "the deeper he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore." Yet it is a pleasing occupation, now and then, and a useful one, to spend an hour or two in enlarging upon, or admiring, some particular passage of

the divine books, and one rises from the task both wiser and better ; the only fear is, that vanity should begin to whisper, where it is so much out of place.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

December 25, 1827.

Welcome, ancient Christmas-tide !
The time of jest and mirth of yore,
When none might pass the Baron's door,
But all partook the gen'rous cheer,
And hailed the mirthful close of year,—
Welcome, Christmas-tide !

Welcome, blessed Christmas-tide !
The time of love and hope hath come,
For now, beneath the sainted dome,
The wretched kneels and sheds the tear,
And hails the sacred close of year !
Welcome, Christmas-tide !

Welcome, happy Christmas-tide !
The time to think, the time to smile,

And to forget, some little while,
All grief of earth and wasting care,
And, grateful, ev'ry blessing share !
Welcome, Christmas-tide !

THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

From Voss's "Luise."

Once came a Christian soul to the portals of Heaven,
Knocked, and asked admittance ; forth looked the blessed
St. Peter,
Softly undoing the eternal gate, and spoke thus,—“ Who
art thou ? ”
The soul proudly answered, while he showed his sins’
absolution,
“ A christian of Rome, of the faith which alone leadeth
to mercy.”
“ Seat thyself at the gate,” said St. Peter, and fastened
the portal.
Then came a Christian soul from Berne to the Heavenly
City,
Knocked, and asked admittance,—“ Who art thou ? ”
said St. Peter.
“ A disciple of Calvin, the faith which alone leadeth to
mercy.”

“Seat thyself at the gate.” Next a soul from Augsburg
appeared,

Knocked, and asked admittance,—“Who art thou?”
asked the apostle.

“A disciple of Luther, of the faith which alone leads to
mercy.”

“There at the gate be seated.”—Now sat the foes in
religion,

Peacefully side by side, and saw in the Heavens, aston-
ished,

Sun, moon, and stars, all laid from a chaos of glory,
In one system united,—they heard harmonious music,
Sung by innumerable choirs of angels and souls made
blessed,

Giving glory to God,—and they breathed the zephyrs of
Heaven;

And, while their hearts overflowed with love’s unspeak-
able fervour,

Thus their song burst forth, impassioned and glorious,—
“We worship

All the same great God.”—At once the eternal portals
Opened, brightly illumined by the golden splendour of
Heaven.

Then the apostle stood forth, and, smiling, spake to the
pilgrims,

“Now, ye believe in love, come, children, come to your
father!”

TO MRS. ———.

MELVILLE, *6th January*, 1828.

Miss ——— was just now saying what a pity it is that those who are so dear to each other here by friendship and affection cannot always continue to live together. —If every one were to join his own friends to such a circle, I fear it would at last contain almost the whole human race. No, it is better as it is, and we ought to be satisfied with those friends of friendship—letters, and those most delightful moments of life, the few but happy renewals of affection and out-pourings of heart, which we experience at meeting with our friends after a long absence. If those who have prized each other from high and pure motives, continue to go onward in the same path, and to communicate to each other, although at a distance, their doubts, hopes, and hearts, they will never be disappointed at meeting with each other again during this life, but will be delighted to observe that their souls have been intimately experiencing the same blessed and happy views.

TO H. M.

4th February, 1828.

The impressions and education which we derive from goodness, benevolence, charity, and virtue, in all its ramifications,—and peculiarly from virtue of itself, not considered as in opposition to vice,—are far purer and more delightful than the contemplation of successful resistance to temptation, because, when we know not the depravity of vice, we have, of course, a greater confidence in and a greater love of our fellow creatures. If we could associate with the virtuous alone, we should have less merit in being like them, but a purer happiness in our own minds.—In short, there are some characteristics of youth which it is most desirable to retain.—Don't you think so?

You must have remarked much in our friend Thomson quite akin to this reasoning; he says, you know, that

—————“happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind;”

And all his illustrating tales and episodes in the Seasons are of the purely virtuous nature; he does not describe vice willingly, even to condemn it, for his own amiable

mind told him that the contemplation of virtue was more improving.—This is a kind of literature peculiarly suited for young people, for although youth requires to be warned, yet it is, certainly, better to allure to the path of virtue, than to frighten from that of vice.

The following verses were written in February 1828. The walk alluded to took place in September 1827. His companions were Miss Thompson, and his cousin H. M.

LOCH KATRINE.

Alas for man ! that days, and months, and years,
Should o'er him pass, and find his spirit changeless,
Palled by the influence of an earthly world.
Alas ! that while the body grows in strength,
And health, and stature, the unthinking mind
So dark and dimly burns. Poor grovelling worm,
Call'st thou this happiness ; to hoard up wealth,
And feed thy perishable clay, and knowest not
There blazes in thy darkened urn a lamp
That ne'er shall be extinguished ? See'st thou not

The glorious sun each day arise, and mock
Thy toil of vanity? The skies, the stars,
The cold clear moon, the pathless woods, the shades,
All speak to thee of time, and time to come.
But thou, the noblest of thy Maker's works—
To whom alone one spark of heavenly mind
Lends its inspiring ray—art cold and dead.

It is an anxious time, when childhood's years
Are numbered, and the trembling son of earth
Looks with awakening eye upon the past,
And warning conscience whispers awful tales
Of time mispent, which tells him not of peace ;
So many years have fled, and left behind
So much to weep, so little to approve ;
Then looks he upon time to come, and there
As little comfort speaks. Oh, what shall be his fate,
And what is God, and what eternity ?
Around he looks, and sees his fellow men
Pass onward to the goal of vanity,
And fearful, draw a veil o'er all that speaks
Of death, and life beyond the tomb,—and earth,
And all her children, seem to say, Beyond
Our joys and pleasures there is nought ! Do thou,
If thou seek happiness, procure thee wealth,
And lord it o'er thy fellows ; court the great,
To make thee greater still ; enjoy the present,

Nor think of time to come ; let luxury
Be thy slave,—for this thy life was given.

And shall we blame the child of earth, when such
The language of the world around, that he
Should follow in the common path, his conscience
Lulled to unnatural sleep, from whence unwilling
Aroused by fear, or guilt, or deep conviction,
It sometimes starts in ecstasy of pain ?
Death seizes one, who, busied in the chace
Of earthly nothings, lately laughed at death ;
And then we ask ourselves—Where is his soul ?
But soon again the smile of frigid earth,
The fear of ridicule, the giddy whirl
Of fashion silences unwilling conscience,
Which sounder sleeps than ever.

What shall awake
Our other self ? alas ! Ere death shall mark
Th' expiring mind for his own prey, and fill
The frozen heart, seek solitude and God,
And commune with thyself on holy things !

Who knoweth but the busy hum of men,
The realm of art, the changeful throng of life,
And ne'er hath looked into his slumbering soul,
He knoweth not himself. Whom cares absorb,
The thirst for wealth, or fame, the thousand wants
Of his vile prison-house of clay, an endless strife

For fruits, which, when procured, are nought ; that man
Knows but the present, and his darkened mind
Hath never gazed on its own nothingness.

They whom the world hath frozen, not corrupted,
Whose hearts are guileless, but have almost ceased
To beat with virtue warm, when first they breathe
The magic air of solitude, and gaze
On the eternal works of God, afar
From cares, and from the thousand callous scenes
Of human toil, sometimes will dare to think
Of life and death, and, while they gaze around,
They turn to heaven. A blaze, unknown before,
Flashes ethereal through the mind,—the heart
By human feelings touched, half enfranchised,
Speaks with the God of nature,—the bright eye
By him inspired, looks humbly up to heaven,
And the awakened soul, on wings of love,
Soars forth to meet its Maker in the skies.

Once, with two much loved friends, I sallied forth
To see Loch Katrine sleeping in the desert,
Fanned by the aspens quivering o'er her waves ;
Not ours' the minds deadened to nature's speech ;
For blessed youth smiled on our glowing hearts,
And painted all around in gorgeous dyes ;
And we had read in magic numbers oft,
And drunk the inspiration of the song

Of nature's children ; but we knew not yet
That noblest measures of the bard divine,
Raise nor such burning feelings in the mind,
As nature doth—the great original
Of all their glorious songs—and now we come,
With beating hearts, to read in her fair book
The littleness of man, the might of God !

Still was the morn, and clothed in softened light
The wondrous scene, when linked their arms in mine,
We left the fairy Loch Achray, and oft
We turned, amazed, to look upon the crags
Which build the eternal fastnesses of time,
And tell the story of six thousand years,
In nature's eloquent and changeless speech. Awe-struck,
We wandered onward ; still we gazed, and spoke not ;
But vainly tried to read the mystic tale,
Traced in undying characters, on which
Time, that all else hath changed, no change hath made.
Our minds amazed, ten thousand thoughts arose,
Vain, strange, and cheerless, for we knew no more
Ourselves, or who were by us ; awful yet
Frowned the rude crags, and yet more strange,
More terrible the speech of nature grew,
And closer beat our hearts, and strained our souls,
The magic words to read :—Why come you here,
They seemed to say, and why would ye profane,

With earthly hearts, the temple of the Deity ?
We know you not,—ye are of yesterday,—and we
Are here since time began.—Though man,
Ungrateful man, forget his Maker, we
Will ever praise the Lord !

We trembled !

Alas ! 'tis dark, and terrible, and strange :
Oh, for a ray of light to pierce this gloom,
And still the new-born tumult of our souls !
Again we looked, and there Loch Katrine lay,
Calm, pure, serene, and burst upon our minds
The glorious truth, and spake a voice from Heaven,
Oh, children, look around and worship God !

Oh God ! all-good, all-glorious, we were blind
To thee, thy goodness, and thy glory ; we
Have lived, and known thee not, have tasted often
Thy bounty, and have praised thee not ; and thou
Hast spoken to us, and we would not hear.
Give us, Almighty, hearts of thankfulness !
Oh, that the frigid earth, where we have been,
Should teach us to forget thee ! there nought leads
The soul to thee, for man hath changed all,
And man himself is changed ; but here, oh God !
As fashioned by thy own Almighty hand,
The untrodden rocks arise, and sleeps the lake.
Here breathes the air of paradise, and here

The spirits of the righteous seem to dwell,
Where human passions are not : here they look,
With love, upon a sinless earth,
The earnest of a blessed world to come.

Oh God ! our hearts are changed, and be they changed
For ever. May the other earth no more
Have power to taint them with unholy touch ;
But be they thine for ever ; with these rocks,
This emblem faint of bright eternity,
Compare the life of man ; alas ! 'tis nought,
His heart is nought, his passions are a dream ;
Ambition, fame, and greatness, wealth, and power,
How poor, how priceless !

And have I too slept ?

Ye heavens ! with other feelings now mine eyes
Gaze on your pure ethereal blue ; for soon,
A few short years, and like these sleeping clouds,
Which faintly crimsoned float, I too would rest.
My soul would gladly 'scape the unworthy thrall
Of earthly clay, to mingle in your air,
And worship the Eternal God of love,
In happiness for ever.

Oh my friends !

How dear, how sacred is the name, 'tis now
That we are friends indeed ; we feel, we live,
We worship, and we breathe together. Here,

In this blessed hour of feeling most intense,
Give me your hands, and may the all-seeing God
Grant us his blessing upon earth, to keep
For ever in our hearts the precious lesson
We now have learned: to form a sacred tie,
A sure retreat from earthly cares and griefs,
Will be our friendship; where we can restore
Our wounded minds, and drink anew the bliss
Of purity and love.

And thus we thought and felt:

And, now, no dearer friends than these
The earth hath given me; ours is love,
Built on a sure foundation—love to God,
Which is the love of all his works, and man.
The earth hath lost all power o'er us; our souls
Live in a middle state 'twixt earth and heaven;
And, till our earthly bodies fade, we live
Blest in each other: both these friends
Are dear, and one most dear indeed, for she
Is now—my promised bride!

LINES

Written on a blank page of a Copy of Specimens of Sacred Poetry
sent to his Cousin H. M'C.

Blest poetry of Christian faith and love,
That givest peace to the despairing mind,
Strength to the feeble, vision to the blind,
And leadst the mourning soul to joys above!

And ye, too, sacred minstrels, who have felt
So deeply faith and mercy from on high,
Teach me the faith in God, with which ye knelt!
Teach me in peace to live—in peace to die!

23th February 1828.

THE BRIDE.

Composed in February 1828, and set to Music.

I love! No more the joys of earth,
My weak and wayward mind can move,

My heart hath had another birth,
And learn'd to love.
Now all is rest
Within my breast !
I love !

We love ! but not ourselves alone ;
We love on earth our dwelling place,
And, bless'd at eve, we gaze upon
Each well known face,
And Him that gave
The bliss we have
We love !

I love ! and wilt thou be my bride ?
And shall we fear life's stormy path ?
Thou wilt be ever at my side,
E'en after death :
To grieve with thee
Were joy to me !
I love !

Let Time his ceaseless current roll,
He ne'er can change our love begun,
For we have mingled soul to soul,
Our hearts are one—
I love !

Our love is not an earthly love,
When, gazing on th' Eternal skies,
Our hearts to meet their God above

Together rise,
Free, unconfined ;
'Tis in the mind
We love !

With thee I'll smile, with thee I'll weep,
With thee I'll kneel in humble pray'r,
With thee I'll take the last long sleep,

And waken, where ?
Where sorrows cease,
Where all is peace
And love !

THE OLD PEASANT.

By thee, in truth and virtue's path,
Be life for ever trod,
And venture not one finger's length
From off the ways of God ;

Thus shalt thou softly wander here
On earth's short pilgrim path,
And gaze without one doubt or fear
Upon the face of death.

This makes the plough and reaping hook
In labour's hand so light ;
This makes the water of the brook
Taste as if wine shone bright :
But he who owns a guilty mind
By conscience is oppressed,
And demons stand before, behind,
And give him never rest.

Smile not for him Spring's glowing skies,
Smiles not the fleecy fold,
On self alone are bent his eyes,
His sordid mind on gold ;
The rustling wind, the sighing leaf,
To him all fearful sound,
And think not that at last he'll find
More peace beneath the ground.

Therefore, by thee in virtue's strength,
Be life for ever trod,
And venture not one finger's length
From off the ways of God ;

Then shall thy children seek thy tomb,
 And pious tears will shed,
 And sweetly there the flowers shall bloom,
 By such pure dew-drops fed.

Translated from the German of Hölztz, (*Der alte Landsmann*.)
 during my solitary walk from town to-day.

4th October, 1828.

Syr Daizie,

A FRAGMENT.

I wolde Syr Daizie knewe to rede ;
 Wherefore I knowe ful welle,
 For thenne the floure wolde tell
 How he wes blessit indeid,
 Quhen my faire ladye lyghtly placit hyr foote,
 A-gathyring flours upon his leafy roote.

Syr Daizy wes thou natte most blessit,
 Quen scho most fayre to see,
 En hyr quhyt hand thy stalkys pressit
 To take a floure from the.

Oh suffer me, ye lebes of grene
 That I maye put my fete quhere hyrs bath bene.

March, 1828.

TO MISS —.

MORAY HOUSE, *9th November, 1828.*

I am delighted with your observations on my verses, I would far rather that they pleased the true Christian than the connoisseur,—I would far rather tune my little harp to the music of David and of the Bible, than to the terrible but irreligious harmonies of the greatest profane writers. Should any talent of song have been bestowed on me, it shall be my endeavour to make the strains of my lyre an echo to the soul that breathes them, and the soul, as far as possible, an echo of the spirit of Christianity and virtue. My idea of a true poet is superior to any thing the world has ever seen or will see ; it is like one of those abstract ideas of virtue and love only pourtrayed in Deity ; but it is possible to conceive, at least, a poet, who, having a part and portion in the Atonement, is so filled with a heavenly spirit, that his voice is, in a manner, the voice of the Spirit of God which dwells in him ; and, certainly, it admits of truth to consider that where God hath given the glorious gift of song to a heart alive to him, that gift, being by God's permission, is a part of his eternal mind, publishing his mysteries and his perfections unto mankind. I know not if you will quite understand my meaning, but I shall probably make it

plainer to you, ere long, by some verses which I have begun, and which are dedicated to that great subject. I have been struck with a confirmation of this idea by a passage of the fifty-first Psalm, verse 6 :—" Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom ;" and afterwards, when the Psalmist has prayed for a clean heart, and for forgiveness of all iniquities, he says, " Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.—*Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.—Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation, and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness."

How true is your remark, that death, although of every day occurrence, is often reconciled to our minds, or, at least, accustomed by habit.—One of these shocks, our cold reason allows, ought to be sufficient to change for ever all the lukewarmness and even wickedness of our minds to love and virtue ; but how soon does not the impression fade !—We are forced, as it were, to confess, that this fleeting world, with its joys and sorrows, is as nothing, that it is scarce a moment, that it is only the culture of our hearts and the gradual habituation of the soul for its future abode that deserve attention, but, alas ! how soon do we not again turn to the things of this life, struggling forward with unwearied energy and

perseverance, to gain the honour and consideration of a day, which this world gives.—Sometimes I grow almost sick of the scenes necessarily attendant on my professional life, where almost all is worldly, and, I think, what a blessed lot were mine, like the Royal Psalmist, to be honoured with the means of doing good to the souls instead of the bodies of others, but I should not think that this is not in my power, for certainly the opportunity of winning souls to God is never wanting when the desire to do so exists: the first step would, assuredly, be to possess a clean heart, to have my iniquities blotted out, and to be restored to the joy of His salvation; then, in all Christian humility and lowliness, would I teach transgressors thy ways and sing aloud of thy righteousness!

The little book I talked of sending will probably reach you in about a week hence.

The little book above alluded to, was a translation of a Dramatic Idyl by Oehlenschläger, entitled *The Shepherd Boy*, which was published in 1828. This pastoral poem, which is extremely simple in its execution, is founded upon the supposed preservation from decay, of the corpse of a child, in a glacier, which being found in a search for the Shep-

herd Boy, who has wandered, is mistaken for his body. The manner in which the circumstance is managed, so as to communicate an interest to the narrative, will be seen from the passages quoted below. The preparation of this work was an employment of great interest and delight to the translator.

We quote first the announcement by Augustin (a hermit) to Werner, the shepherd, of the supposed death of his boy Fritz :—

AUGUSTIN (*walks in with deep seriousness, dignity, and feeling. He makes the sign of the cross.*)

Praised be Jesus Christ !

WERNER.

Eternally.

[*Gives him his hand.*

How art thou, father ? Thou art paler than

Is usual, and thou tremblest !

AUGUSTIN.

It is age—

For I am near the grave. But 'tis not fear.—

Werner, I fear not death—I love him much.

'Tis but my soul, which tremblingly shakes off

The dust of earth from her immortal wings.

WERNER.

Think not so often of thy death, oh father.
Death will come soon enough ; true, thou art old ;
But winter blooms beneath thy locks of snow.

AUGUSTIN.

Think seriously, steward.—Look beneath,
With eyes attentive, on the holy deep ;
Roots strike below, and weeds are on the surface :
Accustom thou thyself to see in darkness
Light ; look thou in the cave till thou discover
The shining portal of eternal life.
For birth is but the door of vanities ;
There dost thou err in vain, thy passions' slave—
The key of life is *faith*—the gate the *grave*.

WERNER.

I am not godless.

AUGUSTIN.

No, I say not that ;
Thou'rt good, but yet I fear too worldly, Werner,
And lovest far too much this passing life.

WERNER.

My God hath made me happy. Should I be
A Christian, were I not to thank him for it ?

AUGUSTIN.

The joys, which sometimes here our God allows,
Are only trials, meant to win the heart

By slow degrees to prudence and to patience.
If I should wish to be in Heaven, when grief
Bows my sad spirit down, that is no virtue—
Who doth not wish himself estranged from sorrows?
But first to taste of happiness like Job,
And then with patience to submit to fate ;
To lose the dearest and the costliest,
And then to say, while tears stream from the eyes—
“ God gave, and takes away—his name be praised ;”—
That, Werner is a Christian’s part.

WERNER (*takes his hand with frankness.*)

But tell me

Openly, friend ;—I too would speak a little
In thy own figures ;—is it good in thee
Foretelling sorrow like the midnight owl ?
And asking, when thou see’st a cheerful flower,
“ Why dost thou smell so sweet, and lift thy stem
So tall and proudly in the air of Heaven ?
Soon thou shalt fade away and turn to dust.”
Say, Augustin, is this a Christian’s part ?

AUGUSTIN.

Oh hear me, friend, nor thus misunderstand me ;
Did all thy happiness rest on thy God,
And if thy house were founded on a rock,
If thou wouldst quench thy thirst for joys of earth
In the true spring of life Eternal—then

How gladly would I share thy happiness !
But when the false appearance of a moment,
Where danger and destruction ever lurk,
Darkens thine earthly eyes, can I rejoice ?

WERNER.

Well, let it rest.—Thou visit'st us to-day ;
We thank thee, and we prize thy friendship much :
What though our views of life be different,
'Tis natural ; the winter oft is cold ;
The summer day is sometimes far too sultry.
Come, strengthen thou thyself in my warm sunshine,
Thy cold and holy moonlight shall inspire me ;
Thus we shall yield a little to each other—
In such exchanges friendship doth consist.
AUGUSTIN (*gives the people a sign ; they bring in the
basket and depart.*)

Now, thou dost feel and use thy happiness
Like to a man of strength ; but, Werner, couldst thou
Bear sorrow with the self-same equal courage ?

WERNER.

Ay ! time and care.

AUGUSTIN.

Just as the bubble melts,
In air, so passeth happiness away.
How if the time were come ?

WERNER.

Most pious father,

What bringest thou ? A basket of fair fruit ?

We thank thee !

AUGUSTIN.

Yes, 'tis fill'd with fairest fruit.

An hour ago it grew upon its stem

In innocence ; and now 'tis pluck'd for ever,

And the pale body like an angel smiles.

WERNER.

Methinks it is a dismal view of life,

When e'en an apple seems to thee a corpse.

AUGUSTIN.

What is it then ? Is it not broken too

From off the mother branch ?

WERNER.

Yes, to fulfil

The end of nature.

AUGUSTIN.

And is not the heart,

When it grows stiff, like to a simple fruit

When pluck'd—*not* to delight the mortal sense

With its own sweetness—but itself to taste

The everlasting happiness of heaven ?

WERNER.

Yes, this is striking and poetical !

AUGUSTIN (*with increasing expression.*)

And is the child, the fairest of all flowers,
When suddenly it leaves its parent stem,
Not to be liken'd to such noble fruit,
Just torn away, to sow in Paradise
Its spotless kernel, where no worm shall gnaw
Its bloom for ever?

WERNER (*in sudden anxiety*).

God! what dost thou mean
By these similitudes? Thou frighten'st me.

AUGUSTIN.

Much to be pitied father!—Who can comfort
Thee, who, of earthly happiness secure, dream'st not
Of care? It comes a sudden thunderbolt.
How shall I comfort thee? Thou lovest only
This earthly life, without desire of heaven!

WERNER (*rushes forward, opens the basket, and exclaims
in wild sorrow,*)

Oh God! my Fritz!—Dead! pale—and bruis'd—and
—cold.

AUGUSTIN (*with deep commiseration.*)

Madden, poor heart—ay, quit thee of thy wound;
Beat thick, and, Nature, hold thy own. Moan forth
Wild lamentations from his lips. Give air
To his pent breast, that so despair may not
Strangle him dumbly. Flow, ye bitter tears,

Flow and dry up your salt and burning springs.
 Weep, father, weep, because thy child is dead !
 But Grief ! when thou hast done thy uttermost,
 Despair ! when thou hast raged out thy worst—
 Oh ! come then Comfort from the grace of God,
 Appearing like the moon in mourning clouds ;
 Oh ! dissipate the darkness with thy silver,
 And let the father see his Fritz again,
 Alive and bless'd among the choir of angels.

WERNER (*faintly.*)

My child ! my son ! my Fritz ! my only one !

* * * * *

(*He sees the Boy's clothes and hat on the wall,
 and wrings his hands.*)

Oh, God, oh, God ! there hang
 His clothes upon the wall—The Sabbath hat,
 And Sabbath jacket. Oh, my child ! thou need'st
 These clothes no more. An angel art thou now
 Of glorious light ! Pure lilies crown thy head,
 And thou hast left to me alone on earth
 These precious relics. [He kisses the clothes.

AUGUSTIN (*warning him, with an air of disapprobation.*)

Too unhappy father,
 Beware, sin not !

WERNER (*with dignity.*)

Peace, monk ; thou knowest not
A father's heart. Dost thou within thy cell,
Beside thy death's-head and thy crucifix,
Faint in thy solitude of silent mourning,
Know what is life ? or canst thou prize the gifts
Thou knowest not, and thank God for these gifts ?
Thou only look'st upon the cross of death,
And think'st of tombs and sin. When tempted, thou
Kneel'st only in Gethsemane, and bleed'st
On Golgotha. Thy life is still the same,
A mournful and a dreadful time of Lent.

(*With inspiration.*)

Where children are, oh ! there is ever Christmas !
There innocence for ever blooms anew ;
The mother sits, the loved one in her bosom ;
The star of peace shines on the cottage roof ;
And angels sing upon the fields, aloud
To shepherds, glad hosannahs of the sky.
The father, too, becomes a child again,
And 'tis as children that we see our God.

(*He falls beside the corpse.*)

We quote also the scene of the restoration ; Charlotte (the mother) is speaking.

Ah ! wherefore, wherefore
Are there no miracles in modern times ?
They were so beautiful, so comforting,
And strengthen'd faith, and love, and providence.
Life with its sorrows needeth cheering much,
For grief depresses, joy too much exalts,
And that which *one* torments may fall on many.

(*To AUGUSTIN.*)

Dost thou remember, pious man, that we
Last Sunday were in church, with little Fritz ?
And there thou read'st the bless'd Evangelist,
The story of the Widow's Son of Nain ;
Then kindly didst thou show how good was God,
And from the mother's sad despairing heart
How happiness arose. Oh ! it were bliss,
If such a miracle could happen now !

AUGUSTIN

Alas ! unhappy Charlotte, they have ceased.

CHARLOTTE.

No ! they have not yet ceas'd—they happen still.
A miracle is every gift of God.
Was it no miracle that Fritz was mine ?
And, when a child grows sick, and raves in fever,
And silently the surgeon shrugs his shoulders,
The father trembles, and the mother weeps,
Is it no miracle, when hope is none,

If God should bring salvation, and restore
Him to his parents?

WERNER.

There he will be ours.

CHARLOTTE.

Once was my Fritzli sick ; we trembled all ;
With cheeks of fever, and with dull dim eyes,
He drew his heavy breath within my arms.
With bitter tears I moistened his mouth
So hot and fiery,

[With increased feeling.

He recovered ! God

Granted him to my prayers. And what he once
Hath done, that can he often do !

AUGUSTIN.

O woman,

Thou ravest ; but I see thy ardent faith,
And, like the ancient tower on yonder rock,
Thy wand'ring mind is noble in its ruins.

CHARLOTTE.

My grief is far too young ; I cannot yet
Give myself to despair. I almost think
My pain is nothing but an envious dream.
I saw him in his health so fresh and blooming,
Only an hour ago ;—and now, he lies
Cold, pale, and lifeless, on his funeral bier.

I think I see the humble cottage door
Ope gently for the coming of our Saviour ;
I think I see him come with blessed steps,
To lay his hand upon the dead, and say,
With voice of heav'nly comfort, " Weep not, woman !
Thy son is not yet dead !"

(At this moment the door opens—FRITZ, with REINALD, BABLI, the old Grandfather, and several Shepherds and Shepherdesses, run in—he has a nosegay in his hand, and flies into his mother's arms.)

FRITZ.

Oh, mother ! mother !

No, no ! thy son is not yet dead. Look here,
He lives, is well, and nought is wanting to him !

AUGUSTIN.

Ha ! bless'd Saint Francis !

CHARLOTTE.

Heavenly Saviour !

WERNER.

My child ! my son ! my Fritz ! thou liv'st, my Fritz !

(The Parents embrace the Child—every one shows his joy and astonishment.)

TO MISS ———.

MORAY HOUSE, 24th December, 1828.

“ I am glad to think you have enjoyed Columbus so much, and I assure you that I shall ever enjoy being the mediator of your book parcels, on account of the little remembrances I expect them to contain of the inhabitants of ———. Besides, I flatter myself (or perhaps I do not) when I say that I think myself rather a more competent judge of books, suited to your taste, than any bookseller in this city of books.

Though I do not expect you to be so much interested with the smaller volumes of this packet as with the larger ; yet, I do hope, you will find the Shepherd Boy worth reading ; nay, if you are as much alive to simple pathos as some of my friends have been, that you will be powerfully affected. The story is not strictly religious, and yet it breathes most strongly a deep trust in God ; and it appears only rational and proper to enjoy the happiness that God allows us, if we do not forget the Giver of our blessings, in the blessings themselves. Write to me what you think of the characters of Augustin, Charlotte, and Werner. I wish I could be at Auchtermairnie to read the little book with my own elocutionary powers. I am a vain creature, after all, I fear. I should be ashamed to say how often I have read my own trans-

lation ; but it may perhaps extenuate my crime when I say, that it was translated for a particular *amie* of mine, and that, perhaps, its chief charm to me consists in recalling to me the times when I sat, and willing sat, in the late hours of night, scribbling away at the interleaved copy of the original, to get it all ready for the birth-day of the person I allude to ;—and it was so got ready, and received quite as favourably as I could have anticipated.

I should add, my little book is a strict translation, line for line, so I deserve no credit for any thing but knowing German. I have not published my name, as I am not sure that it is, on the whole, advantageous to me, as a W.S., to be a dabbler in light literature. If you please, I shall be as well pleased not to be spoken of as the translator ; although, for my own part, I have more pleasure in this work than in any of my most profitable business.

On Sabbath, 15th June 1828, the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the Parish Church of Kirkaldy. In the evening a crowd assembled to hear The Rev. Edward Irving preach ; and in the

pressure, one of the galleries fell, and 28 individuals perished.

The following Lines were written upon the occasion, and published in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal of Wednesday following :—

It is a blessed sight, my native land,
When, on the cheerful Sabbath summer day,
Thy pious pastors call upon their flock
To pay their vows, in presence of His people,
Before the Lord ; their spirits to renew
In virtue's path, and taste redeeming love :
Yes ! 'tis a blessed sight,—the grey-haired sire,
Rich in a peaceful heart, (whom loving hands support
Of children's children,) slowly walks along
The well known footpath, to the House of God.
The holy mother, too, with joyful mind,
In faith assured, the trembling daughter leads,
Who, full of humble hope, for the first time,
Offers her guileless heart upon the altar ;
And sorrow too approaches, and contrition,
Invited by the blotter out of sins,
To taste of mercy.

If there be a time
When the awakened soul could dare the blaze
Of heaven's eternal glory, it is this ;

For who, beside the Table of the Lord
Hath been, and felt not what cannot be told,
Of peace, and hope, and faith, and glowing love
To God, and to his brethren,—earthly things
So poor, so priceless, and the eternal truth
Engraven on the new-born heart of man ?
Oh ! who hath felt like this, and hath not sighed
For the dread time, when, from this clay released,
The unfettered spirit soars to meet its God,
And mingle with the universal love,
Where all is blessedness ?

But yesterday,
On such a Sabbath, holy and serene,
A Christian flock had met, with pious hearts,
To feast as the disciples of their Saviour,
And eat of the Last Supper, (which to many
Was indeed the last,) and they were filled
With holy thoughts, and praised their glorious God,
And came once more, ere yet the sun should set,
Again the sacred word to hear, and strengthen
The vows of virtue, which their hearts had paid ;
Oh ! they were ripe in faith, and strong in hope ;
And every taint of vice had vanished,
And kindred faces sat in love together,
Beaming affection,—brother smiled on sister,
Mother on son, and father on his daughter,

With looks of holiness, that seemed to say,
Are we not truly blest? and some, perchance,
Looked wistfully towards that happy time
When young and old, in their appointed season,
Gathered together by the reaper Death,
Should live for ever in the light of heaven,
Of which this earthly foretaste was so sweet.
And their full hearts perhaps were whispering,
How pleasant are the tabernacles of the Lord!
With oil my head he hath anointed,
My cup o'erflows; yea, I will fear no evil,
Ev'n tho' I walk thorough the shady vale
Of death,—for thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff, they comfort me. Yes, all my life
Goodness and mercy sure shall follow me,
And I shall dwell within the House of God
For evermore.

Alas! whence was that shriek
Of agony, that fearful, dreadful crash—
That hum of many voices in despair?
How streams the crowd from out the sacred temple
With looks of horror, wildly—wildly gazing?
Ye who desired to be with God are there—
His house was your last earthly dwelling place,
His mercy your last meal, the cup of life
The cup of death and blessedness, His staff
Your last support, His chastisement salvation.

No pang was yours ; death came unheard, undreaded,
At once, and ye are sleeping—Shall we mourn ?
Were ye not ripe for death ? Oh ye have gained
A glorious lot, to sup in Paradise.
Not yours' to see those whom ye dearest love,
Rent from your arms.—Here brother died with sister,
Mother with son, and father with his daughter,
And all have trod the self same path of life,
And all are now in heaven with their God.

Ye who are left behind, and who have seen
This solemn sight, ye never will forget
This supper of the Lord. Oh ! in your hearts
May virtue still be strengthened, may ye think
With awe upon this sudden, happy, death
Of many whom ye knew so well. If you
Are children of the Lord, oh ! praise Him, praise Him,
And wait with patience the appointed time
When ye too shall be blest ; and if perchance
Ye know Him not, oh ! praise Him evermore,
That ye were not cut off, but, in His mercy,
Were blessed with a season to repent,
And turn from sin.

Sleep, blessed martyrs, sleep !
And wake in blessedness. Your earthly garment,
By the great Sacrament in part thrown off,
When faith was pointing out the way to heaven,

Is dropt for ever. How was recompensed
That little moment of untold-of horrors,
When next ye opened your eyes on heaven,
And saw before the throne of the Eternal
Your heavenly Saviour, and your much loved friends !
Oh God ! that it were mine thus blest to die,
Seated thy servant at the feast of love,
Then snatched away to heaven.

15th June, 1828.

CRUSADER'S SONG.

To the field ! knights, and warriors, the bold, and the
brave,

For the chaplet of honour, or glorious grave ;
The blood-thirsty Paynims their scymitars wield
In despite of the cross—to the field, to the field !

To the field, noble Franks ; lo ! proud Solyma stands,
And freedom and victory asks at your hands.
Is the Saracen safe in her strength and her shield ?
No ! scale the high walls,—to the field, to the field !

To the field ! on the morrow proud Solma shall sing
In triumph and praise to her God and her king ;
And His grace shall be given where His arm was revealed,
To the children of Christ,—to the field, to the field !

To the field ! the bright sun in these orient skies
No more on the Saracen's standard shall rise ;
By the tomb of your Saviour our sins shall be healed.
Now warriors and knights, to the field, to the field !

To the field ! Christian soldiers, His chosen abode,
To His people is given by Jerusalem's God ;
In life or in death, 'mong the blest ye are sealed—
St. George and the Cross !—to the field, to the field !

21st July, 1828.

THE FAREWELL OF MILTON.

Ah me ! the sun shines warmly, and, in sooth,
The year is in her youth,
Clothed with fair trappings, colours bright,
And dancing tremblings of heaven's light.

Ah me ! and now 'tis but in dreams I see
The verdant garment of each waving tree,
Visions of ever past delight !
For ne'er again that sight
Shall ope to me.
So long, alas ! so long mine eyes are sealed
In dark and changeless night ;
The thousand beauties of the grove and field,
To me no more revealed.

Was that a cloud across the west
That hid the glow of Phoebus' golden car,
Or in the ocean bed afar
Would he already sink to rest ?
Oh Deity thrice blest !
Would that my course, like thine, were o'er,
And the pale light within mine aching breast,
With care and pale disease oppressed sore,
The only light, alas ! that burns for me,
Would cease to be.

'Tis true what ancient sages say,
That if one sense decay
The others straight become more keen ;
For tho' no smile of love can now be seen

Henceforth by these dark eyes,
Yet do I feel in the fond filial kiss
Far more of tenderness,
And now how doubly do I prize
Affection's right,
The words of love my daughters speak,
While tears gush down my cheek.

How sweet a little flower to smell,
Culled by a daughter's hand ;
How well I understand
The simple story that it hath to tell
Of happy childhood's days ;
The forest's pleasing maze,
Ah ! yet my heart remembers well,
And how the wild flowers grew
Of various hue ;
And hummed the honey-laden bee,
And played the sunbeams bright ;
But ne'er again that sight
Shall ope to me !

Sweet is the voice of piety and love
In the old blind man's ear ;
They call my spirit to the skies above,

And seem to leave my poor frail body here.
Children, and friends most dear,

Ye little know how I approve
Each tone, each word of kindness and of love.
And far, far less ye know
The tones celestial that float below ;
 For often steals around
 A heavenly sound,
When fixed I seem to gaze,
And to the skies my sightless eyeballs raise,
 In that strange minstrelsy my senses wound ;
The glorious thoughts my wandering mind amaze,
And e'er the dying music cease,
To mine old heart it speaketh peace.

But more than these, far more, altho' mine eye,
Even in the brightest sky,
No gleam, however faint, of light can find,—
Yet in the everlasting realm of mind

 I am not blind,—
No, far more clearly than in other days,
 Before mine eyes had felt his chastening rod,
And all around could see his mercy's rays—
 I see his glory's blaze—
 I see my God !

And Him I will for ever, ever praise ;
For oft, methinks, in visions I have knelt
 Before his glorious throne ;
 And often times alone
Have prayed with prayers heart-felt,
With blessed Seraphim have dwelt,
And tasted inspiration from their speech,
Which my poor broken heart could never reach.

August, 1828.

SONG.

Fly, warrior, fly, the gate stands wide,
The Paynim guard hath left thy side,
A galley sails on yonder sea,
There—death-doomed captive, thou art free,
Here—and this sun shall see thee die,—

Fly, warrior, fly !

Fly, Christian, fly ! hark, hark ! the Moor
Strikes thy last knell on deep tambour ;
To thee, what are thine oath, thy faith ?
Think, Christian, on a dreadful death,
Think of thy maiden's weeping eye,—

Fly, Christian, fly !

The warrior's heart can never faint,
True knighthood's honour nought can taint ;
The witness of the Christian faith
Knows how to die a brave man's death,
Knows, when his heart in twain is riven,
He lives in Heaven.

And bright blue eyes shall weep me dead,
Eyes that had scorned me, had I fled,
Tongues which had cursed the flying slave
Shall sing the death song of the brave,
Here, bind mine arms, brave Moor, and take
Me to the stake.

13th October, 1828.

ELEGY AT THE GRAVE OF A FATHER.

Blessed are the dead which slumber in the Lord ;
And therefore, oh, my father, thou art blest !
An angel smiling spake the awful word,
And now thou art at rest.

And wanders o'er a thousand stars thy soul,
And scarce discovers earth's poor empty space,
But sees, where everlasting thunders roll,
The Almighty's blessed face.

Thou seest disclosed the book of ancient days,
And deeply drink'st of life's eternal spring ;
Time's darkest ages dawn before thy gaze,
Their secrets opening.

Yet in thy glory's never fading course,
Still, father ! looks thy face with love on me ;
For me before God's throne thou kneelest down,
And God gives ear to thee.

Be near me when the drop of life is spent,
Which from his urn of time my God hath given ;
Be near me, when death's arm is kindly sent
To lead the way to Heaven.

Fan, gently fan, my face, death-marked and pale,
With the blest palm that grows in Paradise,
That I may fearless see the dark, dark vale
Whence life to come shall rise.

That I may soar with thee through heaven afar,
Spirits of glory, never more to weep ;
That we may dwell upon the same bright star,
And in God's bosom sleep.

Blossom meanwhile, in nature's lowliness ;—
Ye roses ! shed your flowers on his tomb.

Sleep on ! thou corse, in silent holiness,
Earth-sown in heaven to bloom.
October, 1828.

TO A SISTER,
ON THE DEATH OF ANOTHER SISTER.

Translated from the German of Hölty, in October 1828.

Come, approach the bed of death,
Where thy sister's body lies,
Where her spirit left the path
Of earthly miseries.

Dry thy tears—Far, far above,
Where the bless'd Redeemer reigns,
Doth she sing with faith and love
Heart consoling strains.

Think of this pale countenance,—
Of this bed of tears and sighs,
When thou minglest in the dance
Of earthly vanities !

Think upon her fight of death,
When vain thoughts should far be driven ;
Think upon her smile of death,
To prepare for Heaven !

TO H. M——.

MORAY HOUSE, 1st January 1829.

I spent among the last hours of last year, and the first of this, in sitting at my desk, (my own desk, not my business one) alone. I spent some more to-day at the pianoforte ; and between the inspirations I have written what I felt at the close of a year. You remark in your letter to-night, “ Begin this new year as if you were beginning eternity,”—something of the same idea has been with me in this stanza :—

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Soon the tongue of midnight bell
Shall strike the solemn warning knell
Of the close of year.
Hark ! the hour is near,

Gather friends around, around,
Let us mark the awful sound !

Hast thou gathered treasures here,
And profaned the sacred year ?
Tremble ! for thy heart
Is from Heaven apart.
When the fears of death assail,
What shall stores of gold avail ?

From his rise earth's sun decays ;
Never fades the heavenly blaze !
If no nearer Heaven,
Mortal, thou hast striven,
Fruitless hath the year passed by,
Fruitless grief, and fruitless joy.

Are they dead, most loved, most dear,
Who, with thee, began the year
Full of life and love,
Are they now above ?
Let us strive, at last, to rest
Where these loved ones are blest.

Soon to close this orbit's goal,
The trumpet's awful sound shall roll ;

Then the graves shall ope
To despair or hope !
Choose between earth's dross and sighs,
And the treasures of the skies.

Hark ! the year his course has run—
Hark ! another year begun—
Deep the iron tolls
On our quivering souls ;
Life's first journey ye have passed,
Now ye enter on the last !

LINES

Translated from the German of C. E. Kleist.—*February* 1829.

And she hath fled ! Alas, 'tis over now !
What distance parts us, Albert ne'er will know.—
She's gone ! ye breezes fan my throbbing brow,
Perchance from *her* ye blow !

And she hath fled ! Ye streams, tell Adelaide,
Without her steps the meadow's verdure flies,—
To her ye flow ! Tell her the forests fade,
And that her Albert dies.—

What vale by her adorn'd doth fairer seem—
What woodlands listen to her song—where dance
Her joyous footsteps—what new charmed stream
Reflects her countenance?

One pressure of her hand, one burning kiss,
One look of love like that which *once* she gave,
Grant me from her! then break for ever, bliss,
And let me seek the grave!

Thus hapless Albert told, with tearful eye,
His tale of sorrow to the beechen shade,
And nymphs and zephyrs seem'd with him to sigh,
Alas, for Adelaide!

ON A SEAL;—ARMS, CROSS, GULES;—CREST, A SCAL-
LOP SHELL.—Morro, “*Sic itur in altum.*”

“Such is the path to Heaven!”—That simple shell,
Through burning sands, the pious pilgrim bore;
And like his Saviour, whom he loved so well,
O'er Judah's rocks, that bloody cross he bore!

To me, to all, as to the pilgrim saint,
A weary pilgrimage on earth is given ;
To me, to all, when our weak hearts would faint,
The cross proclaims—" Such is the path to Heaven !"

February 1829.

THE POET'S MIND.

If thou, Almighty, hast on me bestowed
The glorious gift of song—if in my heart
These deep and passionate notes have sounded forth—
If mine be converse with the world of light,
When my soul trembles on the verge of heaven—
If I can wake the sleeping sentiments
Of human minds, and vividly call forth
The slumbering feelings—if, interpreter
Of nature's secrets, I can point the way
To life and truth,—Thine is the gift, Great God,
And in the holy purpose of thy will
'Tis given. Be my hard heart, by heavenly love,
Softened and tried—be holy sorrow mine,
And true repentance of the sins I've done—
Be but my sacrifice of thee accepted,
Then I am pure as heaven, and thou wilt dwell
For ever in my soul ; my fervent spirit

Shall from this earthly temple speak, untainted
By aught of man ; and in those words of thine,
Which I, thy prophet speak, the simple mind
Shall read thy mysteries. Then shall my harp,
By thee attuned, in majesty sound forth
Thy glory, and thy mercy, and thy love,
The praise of virtue, ne'er on earth attained
But once, and he no man. Yes ! I shall sing
With heavenly modulation, to the soul of sorrow
Comfort, and peace—to joys, celestial joys—
To wounded love, of Jesus—to the poor,
Thy riches inexhaustible—to guilt,
Thy loving kindness—and to innocence,
The beauty of thy holiness. Oh bliss !
To be a priest of thine on earth, to win
Souls to salvation, pouring oil and wine
In earth's most direful wounds ; each single chord
I strike, shall tell of human hearts and feelings,
Winning warm tears from youthful cheeks, when love
Or suffering virtue are my themes ; but all
Shall be most sweetly tuned in one full note,
Sounding thy glorious name ;—Great God ! I ask
On earth no more ; and she whom my soul loves,
A ministering angel she will be on earth,
Telling thy tender mercies.

February 1829.

TO MISS _____.

EDINBURGH, 21st *April* 1829.

I now return your pretty little book, which I hope you will not like the worse for being defaced with some of my wondrous compositions. I have not added very largely to the few I put in at Auchtermairnie ; but I have added a few, and I hope they will meet with the same poetical criticism which their precursors have experienced. I once attached more importance to my poetical trifles than I now do, for I feel that it is incompatible with my profession to devote much time to the “gai saber ;” but whenever I do find time to dream myself into the poetical world, I enjoy it quite as much as ever ; and, it may be, when my years begin to be upon the wane, and leisure may be more abundant, that I shall return to my favourite studies with a youthful ardour. Meantime, in the real constitution of things, there is perhaps more good to be achieved in the more forbidding paths of legal knowledge.

I am on the eve of setting out for the beautiful lake of Derwent water, as, if I do not make out a visit there before the Court sit, I shall be obliged to be in town until August. You may guess that I have even more pleasure in the prospect of this visit, than in one to your

mansion ; but I believe there is no other place of which I could say the same.

There have been several interesting works published lately. The name of Segur's is History of Russia, and of Peter the Great. It is said to be very well written. There is also an interesting book on natural history, called Journal of a Naturalist, describing, in a pleasing natural way, the habits of various insects, which the author had himself studied. But the most delightful book of this kind, perhaps, is Kirby and Spence's Entomology. In that work our attention is awakened to a thousand minute and wonderful provisions of nature, which are all elucidated in such a way as to lead us more and more to recognise the wisdom of their Maker.

LINES

Written after a last visit to Keswick before his Marriage.

We hae parted, we hae parted,

We shall never part again ;

For the neist time that I see thee

Is to mak thee a' mine ain !

'Tis a thought that sweetens sorrow,

'Tis a thought that cures a' pain ;

We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall never part again !

We hae parted, we hae parted,
Shall we never part again ?
What shall cheer the broken hearted,
When the ither shall be gane ?
Some sweet voice frae Heaven shall whisper,
Wi' a saft and holy strain,
Ye hae parted, ye hae parted,
Ye shall never part again !

We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall part but ance again !
And the dead shall fondly hover
O'er the mourner left alane.
When we meet to love for ever,
Soul to soul shall sing this strain,
We hae parted, we hae parted,
We shall never part again !

June 1829.

TO H. M.

* BLARANNICH COTTAGE, 1st *July*, 1829.

The same rooms at Stirling and Callander did we occupy,† and a fine day shone upon us, as we, after a hearty breakfast, entered the Trosachs. It is strange, however, that my feelings were during this visit so little moved,—I felt sad and unwell, and the powerful and noble ideas of my former visit would not rise in my mind.

* * * * The grandeur of the scene was hurt by its distinctness and bright sunshine. Nothing, on this occasion, was left for fancy, and, what was still worse, its silent holiness was disturbed by the rattling of loaded carts; I felt strongly how much our impressions depend upon our internal state of mind.

My only other plague is nightly perspiration, which poisons sleep and robs it of its balm. I believe you would

* On the Banks of Loch Lomond—the hospitable residence of Mrs. Dr. Stuart.

† Alluding to his previous visit to Loch Katrine, &c.—See p. 85.

not find me half so amiable now as I used to be, for a little illness makes me very crabbed and cross, and, finding that much speaking is a bad thing, I look, I daresay, in my silence, uncommonly sulky. It is to be hoped Jane will find me bearable in my cross humours; at any rate it will be an excellent trial of her patience.

Although, I declare, I was as careful as I ever was, indeed much more so, this cough has attacked me, and I have the usual satisfaction of being scolded on all hands, as a careless, stupid fellow.—How much mankind judge by effects! Let two men dive into the sea, and one find a valuable pearl, the other a grave, the first is a most bold and clever man, the second is a foolhardy blockhead. Success in business is similarly treated.—Well, there is no judge like conscience, if he be not bribed or blinded, but we are great self-deceivers even there.

From the constitution of the human mind we are easily aware that there is no enjoying happiness without previous preparation in suffering, and this ought to teach us, that to us mortals heaven could not be heaven, were we not to prepare for it by a life of probation.

Had the earth been created without evil, how would the character have attained to holiness through tribulation? As it is, our sufferings and trials ought to be sweet to us, when we think of that happiness that will follow them, and the goodness and wisdom which sustains us during their passage. How glorious will be the prospect when we can look together on the future and the past, and understand the harmony of that glorious plan, which is now too vast for our comprehension !

TO JANE,

With a book of my own Music.

A little offering this, but prize it much.

For few will prize it, dearest Jane, like thee :

My fingers know not music's artful touch,

Nor rules of scientific harmony ;

My teachers were the birds upon the tree,

Singing in untaught strains from tremulous throat,

In speech of soothing sorrow or glad glee,

A universal music, where each note

Seem'd in the full strings of the heart to float.

My teachers were the birds upon the tree,

The winds among the Autumnal woods, the waves

Roused by the tempest on the wide, broad sea,
Which dashed and growled amid the ocean caves,
The straining of the ship which idly braves
The missioned storm, the whistle, shrill and loud,
Of the death-spirit in the tops, who craves
The victim crew,—Hark! how they rave aloud,
And find among the white sea foam a shroud.

Awful, such music. Sweeter in the glade
The gentle sighing of a Summer's breeze
Fanning the forehead in the grateful shades,
And sweetly rustling in the quivering trees,
Among the flowers the hum of thousand bees;
Then, solemn pealing from the distant tower,
The heavy chimes upon the fancy seize,
Tolling the entrance of another hour,
In which, perchance, shall fade both tree and flower.

To all, such music strongly, deeply, speaks,
And echoes in the chords of every soul,
Blanching and reddening guileless, youthful cheeks,
With feelings nought but science can control.
Oft is the tree of knowledge nature's goal.
Oh, choose not reason's cold and selfish truth,
For, if the charmed veil away it roll,

Then vice, distrust, and guile, with wicked tooth,
Burst, like a storm, upon the innocence of youth.

July, 1829.

TO MISS —.

KESWICK, 18th *July*, 1829.

* * * * *

Of course I enjoy my residence here very much. It is delightfully quiet, and commands charming views. Southey's house stands at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and we frequently see him walking about with some of his family. He appears to be of domestic habits, and his attachments are those of literature and retirement. You will say that I ought to be quite poetical in such a situation ; but, I presume, my mental powers are at present rather weak, like my bodily ones. I have great pleasure, however, in reading ; and as Jane's tastes are very similar to mine, we read almost always together ; my voice does not permit me to converse much, and, therefore, she generally reads to me. Our walks are also very pleasant and frequent. I feel but little bodily weakness, considering the violence of my cough, and walked yesterday six miles before breakfast. No place I am acquainted with presents in so short a space such

a diversity of beautiful walks, and the views are on all sides beautiful. In clear weather we can see *one* Scotch mountain, and thither I frequently look.

My plans are, of course, very uncertain. The first and most important is to get well. In the meantime, amidst other reading, I have been giving a little time to sacred studies. I read the other day, with care, the little treatise in the shape of a letter, by Miss Sinclair to her sister, on the Christian religion. Beautiful as it is, I found it necessary to force my attention to it, as I have a great backwardness to giving my mind, and more especially my heart, to such subjects. I am apt to feel my understanding flattered and my reason puffed up without any sentiment of lowliness or humility. I can frequently arrive at a kind of belief by reason, but seldom do I feel the witness in myself! I would I were more humbly faithful and more truly repentant of my sins. I ought to make use of this season for reflection afforded by a cessation from business, and God grant that my illness may be thus, in what nearest concerns me, beneficial to me.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

I.

In evening's silent hour, in forest gloom,
Or by the gentle river's tangled brink,
Or near the holy precincts of the tomb,
On days and years gone by I love to think,
Connecting witching memory link by link
With tales long ended, and with time to come ;
And as I gaze upon the starlit skies,
How strangely bright the dreams of other days arise !

II.

When fades the splendour of the glorious day,
The thousand suns of peaceful night I hail ;
Perchance the thrush may sing his mournful lay,
Or rustic music steal on ev'ning's gale ;
These spells ! they rend at once time's envious veil,
And chase all present things far, far away.—
Dear treach'rous fancy, on my senses reign,
Give me the blessed days of childhood once again !

III.

Yes, once again do childhood's scenes appear,
And childhood's feelings rise as warm and kind ;—

The lurking smile beside the starting tear,
The blessed purity of heart and mind,—
To love still open, to suspicion blind,
And nought to hate, and scarcely aught to fear ;
And all is good, and beautiful, and fair,
For nought can taint blest childhood's pure and sacred air.

IV.

I know that dear deception is a dream,
But will not think it so.—How clear, how bright
Faces of friends long dead around me gleam,
Benignant smiling through the shades of night,
And all is painted in a holy light ;
And here my childhood's home beside the stream,
And there the fields and garden where I played ;—
Oh, let me mark the blessed vision ere it fade.

V.

And who art thou, among the jocund ring
Of boys and girls, who clamber up to kiss,
And smile upon thy face of love, and sing
In childish song their joy and happiness ?
Sure thou art blest, for on a face like this
I see no trace of grief or suffering :
I look on thee again,—it is none other,
Thou dearest, best of parents,—yes, thou art my mother !

Summer, 1829.

It will not have escaped the reader's notice, that during the summer of 1829, the illness, of which the previous attacks had given Sandie's friends some anxiety, had recurred, and with symptoms more serious in their character than had previously been betrayed. It was in consequence resolved, under the best medical advice, that he should go abroad. Rome was at first chosen as his destination; but, as will appear in the sequel, that design was not ultimately adhered to. Before the necessity of this step appeared, his marriage had been fixed to take place on 1st September 1829; and in circumstances involving many difficulties, and much anxious consideration, it was deemed most advisable not to alter that arrangement. He was accordingly united on that day to Miss Thompson, whom he had now loved for two years; and it has since been a source of gratifying reflection to the friends who sanctioned with their approbation a step, which, in the world's coldly prudential judgment, without respect to the peculiarity of the circumstances, was, probably, deemed unwise, that they thus imparted to the last years of two affectionate hearts the happiness and mutual consolations

tion and support of a union cemented and endeared by a warm and increasing attachment, which only derived additional tenderness from trial and affliction.

The letters and journal which follow will carry on the narrative continuously. It is only necessary to premise, that the party consisted of Sandie, his wife, his sister Elizabeth, his brother Duncan, and Dr. John Menzies. Of these five only two, Mrs. A. P. Thompson, and Duncan Cowan, are now alive, (September, 1838.)

TO HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER,

KESWICK, *11th September*, 1829.

I AM going to take an awful long journey, to Rome all the way, having had a kind invitation from Cicero and Virgil; Cicero has heard I am a great lawyer, and Virgil, that I am a great poet, and they are both very anxious to see me. We are to live at Cicero's Tusculan villa, and ride into Rome in the forenoon.

A great trial is to take place in the Forum against a rascal called Catiline, in which Cicero thinks my knowledge of Scotch law may be of use. You will be surprised to hear that Julius Cæsar is returning from Gaul,

some say with hostile intentions, and the Senate have some idea of equipping an army, with Pompey at its head against him. Since Sylla's death or rather life, there is an evident decline of liberty at Rome; and Cato is perhaps the only man of the old Roman standard. How very interesting it will be for me to meet all these great men, who are sometimes erroneously supposed to be dead. General Hannibal with his one eye is yet alive, and lives *incognito* under the Pope's protection, that the followers of Scipio may not murder him. I shall have some interesting cracks with him, and Fabius, and Marcellus, on the Italian war, and Thrasimene, and Cannae, and I shall be glad to write to you to clear up any thing that may puzzle you in your studies; for the history of all this is written by your friend Livius Patavinus. I wish I could get a reading of Sallust's, and I shall ask him for it, as I believe it will be lost to modern times. Of course if I become famous, you will hear plenty about me in Livy. The name I intend to take is Augustus; and I have some idea of extending my empire as far as Britain. In future times, however, satiated with glory and power, and enjoying the delights of a calm philosophy soon after, I, with my dear Jane, *connubio jungam stabili propriamque dicabo*. I shall spend a winter at Rome without mixing in the busy maze of politics, but in the wise occupations of

study. While to Æsculapius I shall offer up cocks without number, and pour out gallons of libations to Galen, I shall likewise follow the steps of the patient Socrates uncursed by a Xantippe. Plato, Xenophon, and the thousand sages of the past shall disclose their wisdom, and *dum corpus sanatur, anima colenda est*. With these advices, my dear James, I conclude by wishing you all that is good for you. * * * So *vale mi frater*.

Scripti Kevici, die xi^o. Sept. M.DCCC.XXIX.

A. C.

LINES

Written in his Cousin H. M'C.'s Album of his Verses.

I love, yes, dearly love the simple rhymes,
Which tell the story of my dearest hours,
And breathe the spirit of departed times,
Blent with the sweetness of life's vernal flowers.
Alas! the tree of wisdom's ripening powers,
Which fleeting years and sad experience give,
Although it teach the galled heart to live,
It is not sweet as childhood's blooming bowers.

The rosy blossoms on the flower of youth !
Yes, they were sweet, and beautiful, and gay ;
Upon the tree of life those buds decay,
But ripen from their blight the fruits of truth.

GROVE COTTAGE, *24th September 1829.*

EXTRACTS FROM MS. VOLUME,

ENTITLED

“ JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE AND ITALY,
BEGINNING 25TH SEPTEMBER 1829.”

LIVERPOOL, *25th September 1829.*

Liverpool, and the neighbourhood altogether, want the air of antiquity which is so beautiful in the more primitive parts of England. One finds few old trees, and very few old houses. On the contrary, streets of new red brick, built on the cheapest possible plan ; and in the country, flaring villas, built, for the most part, with very little taste, or rather, with great bad taste, are to be seen on all sides. It was quite refreshing, to-day, near the Dingle, to come upon an old English farm house, with its mullioned windows, and strange projections and chimneys, embowered in an old productive orchard. Two or

three ancient yew trees were around, and the place might be, perhaps, 200 years old. After the laboured edifices we had seen, and the regular, but stunted, new plantations, and the high stone walls, this place had a double charm, and we agreed that, in its simplicity, it was certainly the prettiest house we had seen.

Things look more and more like departure. Mrs. T., &c., are purchasing all the goods we may require, and which we have hitherto forgotten. Trunks, clothes, books, &c., are coming in ; and, of course, the house is in not less confusion than usual. Dr. M. procured passports to-day, cost 10s. each. In mine I am designed Notaire Publique, which is by no means flattering to my vanity ; and as that office is, in France, a very mean one, I think I must have it altered in the passport. We are pleased to hear that the Leeds, the vessel which is to take us to Bordeaux, is to be here to-morrow, and that we shall be able to make but one embarkation. We shall sail on Sunday forenoon for Dublin.

Sept. 26.—This is a day of great bustle, and we are all busy packing and making lists. I feel uncommonly well, and my evident amendment in health, during the last week, although unaccompanied by increase in weight, will make us leave home under the happiest auspices ;

for, by going thus early, instead of desponding views, we have every reason to expect my recovery, and that the effects of this residence in Rome will have a permanent good effect upon my health during my whole life.

My classical prejudices, although sorely rusted, and almost jostled from their possessions by an irresistible German invasion, are reappearing fast, and the name of Rome has struck some forgotten chords, and even made me resume my Horace with great interest. I know not, as yet, what I may feel on approaching to, and entering the Porta del Popolo, but fancy is busied in my sleeping and waking hours, and Rome is a most engrossing subject.

BORDEAUX, 6th October 1829.

I have been by far too long a time without having written in my journal. So many new objects have presented themselves, that many things worth noting will, I fear, have escaped my memory. The first impressions of a foreign land, as they are the keenest, are also the most interesting, and, of course, upon paper too. But I must return to Liverpool, and get here in due time.

Sunday, 27th September, was a beautiful day when

we first looked out upon it, but there was a sad threatening of rising wind, which did not fail to blow hard when we got out to sea. We took leave of our kind and dear friends at the pier. Until then I had not felt much, then I did feel that there might be those saying a last farewell—not that I thought it probable, but that I should return restored to health—but shall I find all of those who say farewell? Let me trust that we shall all meet again.

Our vessel was the Birmingham, a large steamer, deeply laden with coals, an article always largely imported into Ireland. We went down the Mersey rapidly, the tide being favourable, but after some hours it began to flow, and our progress was sadly arrested. We were about 19 hours of reaching Holyhead, and after our wretched night, it was any thing but pleasant to be told so at six in the morning. It calmed on the coast of Ireland, however, sufficiently to allow us to enjoy the Bay of Dublin, but more especially stepping on shore at Kingston. They are busy forming a good harbour at this point for all times of tide.

The ragamuffin appearance of the Irish charioteers, beggars, &c., was very striking—the cars, of which we passed I should guess a hundred in our short drive to Dublin, are any thing but elegant, and are conveyances much fitted to prevent conversation, and to receive the

rain. Sociables, where the party sit face to face, are beginning to come in fashion. The road between Kingston and Dublin is excellent, and is a very characteristic and gay approach to the Irish capital. The peeps over the bay are very pleasing, and the outlines of the Wicklow mountains, on the south, are fine. Dublin much wants some leading architectural object. There is no huge dome like St. Paul's, no gray and magnificent castle like Edinburgh, to fix the eye in a distant view. In Dublin there is no central object of sufficient grandeur to unite the *tout ensemble* of the view of the city. We drove to a Hotel in Sackville Street, called Gresham's, a good but expensive house. There is but one hot bath in the whole of this establishment.

We took a short walk before dinner, and were somewhat annoyed by the very impertinent stare of the people, men and women. The ladies' riding habits and travelling caps cause this, I suppose, but the staring is very marked indeed. Sackville Street is very handsome, about 200 feet wide, we hear; and it certainly has an air of bustle and gaiety which our Edinburgh streets want. It is the busiest, as well as the best street in Dublin, on a fine level, and adorned with very handsome public buildings. The post-office is magnificent compared with the very handsome one at Edinburgh; but the post-office revenues of the countries do not bear

the same proportion, that of Ireland, with its fine soil and climate, and the much talked of seven millions, being far inferior to poor Scotland. The Bank, formerly the Parliament House, is also a splendid building. The Irish would fain restore the former useless and noisy debates which were held in it ; at least we hear there is a strong wish to dissolve the union with Great Britain. They have not yet learned to profit by the absence of a government, and of petty politics ; they have retained unfortunately the useless shadow of the former, and all the bitter spirit of the latter. In Scotland how much have we gained in domestic peace, in security of property, in national industry, and in moral character, since our truckling Parliament was exchanged for a small but sufficient representation in the British Senate. In Ireland, there has been a similar exchange, but time has not yet produced the same effects. The mass of the people is virtually opposed to a government foreign to them in religion, and 30 or 40,000 troops are necessary for the quiet ? of the country. The gaiety of the Irish looks very like the gaiety of wretchedness. On passing one of the quays, there was a great mob of ferocious looking fellows collected, evidently expecting some high treat. We did not like the squeeze, and escaped to the other side of the Liffey ; and we soon saw the attraction of the rabble was the conducting some dozen of ragged wretches to

gaol. They were packed on cars, which drove through the mob with great rapidity, surrounded by a party of military with drawn swords. This was by no means a pleasing exhibition of the executive. On the walls, in various parts of the city, "Murder," and "£500 reward," was a more common bill than "Sermon." But jubilee books, and the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, were very common, and I observed many miserable looking wretches buying these spiritual comforts.

Dublin, as a city, has little original character in its appearance. It is a copy of London, in which Irish vanity has endeavoured, in dimensions, to surpass the various attractions of the original. Thus, *in description*, Dublin looks much better. The Liffey has many more bridges than the Thames, and is bordered by quays. St. Stephen's Green is *larger* than any square in the British Metropolis; Sackville Street *wider* than Portland Place; and the Phœnix Park far more extensive than the Regent's. This tells, however, much better than it looks. The Liffey, above the first bridge, is a poor stream, and looks very like a canal in a Dutch garden, as if it were dug out as an apology for building bridges. The quays are, for the most part, narrow, dirty, and, as shipping quays, idle. St. Stephen's Green has no buildings round it corresponding to its extent. Sackville Street is beautiful, certainly, but, like the Phœnix Park, a solitary ob-

ject of its kind. The access to the Phoenix Park also is wretched, leading through a remote and squalid part of the town.

Sept. 29.—We had charming weather in Dublin. Our vessel was detained one very fine day, which gave us an opportunity, certainly, to see the city better; but lost us 200 miles of calm sea. Our voyage was, in consequence, more tedious and disagreeable; and we were subjected to considerable expense in spending another day at our hotel. It is a great hardship on a traveller who arrives at a seaport to sail on a certain day, to find there is nothing less certain than the time of sailing. On the 30th September, therefore, after a fruitless drive to the boat the day before, we left Ireland. The day was delightful, and the view of the bay much more prepossessing than any we previously had. The north shore is low and richly wooded; the south is also rich, and backed with finely formed mountains; and some rocky islets are disposed near the mouth of the bay. Our voyage this day was remarkably pleasant. The weather was mild enough to allow some of the party to dine on deck; and Jane, Elizabeth, &c. availed themselves of this. I dined below, and was seated beside another invalid called Jarrett, a very interesting person. He is attended by a brother, an English clergyman, who is remarkably and beautifully kind to him. The invalid

himself is only twenty, although he looks much older ; he spent last winter in Cornwall with considerable benefit, and is now, by the advice of his physician, going to Malta. On mentioning this, he said, with a faint smile, " My physicians gave me some hope, and therefore I thought it right to go."

There are several invalids on board, but very little coughing. The sea air appears very favourable to cough ; but the discomforts, and the want of cleanliness, are, I think, more than sufficient to balance this.

Our voyage was rather a good one, but to us tedious and disagreeable enough. We left Dublin on the 30th September at twelve ; next day, at the same hour, we made Cornwall. This was a glorious run. On the morning of the 2d we were off Ouessant (*Ushant*) at two o'clock ; the sea was here very rough, and I was very little on deck after the first day, until Saturday the third. This day, when I came on deck, we were off Oleron, and the sun was shining brightly. We all felt the difference of climate, for the whole passengers were on deck without cloaks or great-coats. The coast of France is not interesting here, by any means. Long before entering the Gironde, the bright green colour of the sea was exchanged for a very muddy tide. A French pilot came on board about thirty miles from the Cordouan. He was a strong well-built fellow, but very sulky. The night was becoming

very stormy when we passed the splendid Pharos, and we were glad to anchor in the comparatively smooth water of the Gironde. Next morning early we sailed up to the Lazaret of Marie Therèse at Trompeloup, a mile or two below Pauillac. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and the coasts were rather pleasing, though very low. The crops were vines principally, and here and there were scattered the chateaux of the wine proprietors, and little shabby windmills to press the grapes. There seemed to be few roads or houses on shore, and a very remarkable want of moving population. We remained at Trompeloup many hours, as there were more vessels to examine than searchers. The custom-house officers were, however, very civil. They took from some folks silver plate, which has been since restored at Bordeaux, I believe; and from the lining of some pillows many yards of flannel, which some imprudent Irishman had been foolish enough to put in. A guard of two soldiers was left with us until we should reach Bordeaux.

The accommodations on board the Leeds have been, on the whole, tolerable. We each paid seven guineas. A charge of one guinea a-piece was made for provisions, which is not dear, and 5s. for steward's fees. Breakfasts were tolerable, excellent beefsteaks, and good eggs. Dinner was a still better meal. The most inexcusable

thing was having bad water on board. This was perhaps policy on the steward's part—if so, it was shameful. The tea and coffee, from this or some other cause, were not drinkable, at least Jane, Elizabeth, and I could not partake of them. In the cabin where our ladies were, was a young Irish lady in a sadly reduced state. She is attended by her sister and a medical man, who have very little hopes of recovery. I was glad that J. & E. were able to be of use to her ; but, from their account, I fear that all change of climate is too late, and that this is another of those melancholy cases, where an unavoidable death is embittered and hastened by the fatigues and discomforts incident to travelling.—Alas ! many a dying man in a foreign soil, when bereft of the comforts of his home, and the attentions of those who are dearest to him, must deeply regret that he was not allowed to die in peace, and to sleep with his fathers in a spot where loving eyes would often have wept over his tomb.

Our bark anchored off Pauillac to wait for the tide, and, as we understood, for the morning light. As a steamer sails thence for Bordeaux every day, a proposal was made, and eagerly embraced by our small party to land here, and dine on *terra firma*, and enjoy a sweeter sleep. A French boat boarded us, and offered to row us ashore for four sous

a-piece; and with pleasure did we leave the crowd, and heat, and bilge-water smell of the Leeds. In a minute we stepped upon French ground, on the neat clean pier of

PAUILLAC.

Few persons have ever landed in France with a better disposition to be happy and pleased, and, therefore, we were so.—The objects around us were all new and smiling, the people happy and clean, the houses and appearance of the town in general light and gay. It was Sunday afternoon, and, therefore, quite a holiday; a few women were selling delicious grapes, &c. in the streets; the very houses have an air of gaiety, from their slightness of construction, their gay and varied colours, and blinds to exclude the sun. Every thing tells us that we are in a climate for enjoyment.

We walked, after ordering our dinner, through a street or two; they are mostly narrow, but nice and clean. There is little noise or bustle, but universal talking. How the sabots clack about on the pavement! How man, woman, and child giggle in the streets! I declare I have now, while I write, been a fortnight in France, and I have seen only one person in tears, and that was a child. The people really seem to understand the laugh and grow fat.

We got into a handsome stone church at Pauillac ; I afterwards found it was built a short time since. The town contains 1200 inhabitants, and I think the church would hold twice the number ; I did not measure it, but I should guess it to be about 90 feet wide in the central part, and without the walls, 120. It is a plain handsome building of white stone, perfectly clean, and afforded a pleasing sight. There were many people at their devotions, and they looked serious and attentive enough. It is a beautiful thing to see the same little wicker chairs set out in the church for the rich and poor, high and low ; it is also beautiful that these catholic churches are always open. We are in the habit of ascribing no sanctity to churches, and of following literally the scriptural advice of entering the closet and shutting the door ; but are there not many children of misfortune, whose homes are the scenes of constant tyranny or immorality, who have no closet, the door of which they may shut ; there are many houseless and beggars ; to them, to all the wretched are the doors opened ; here is a closet, come and pray, and derive comfort.

The streets were clean, the lanes horribly dirty. The French must walk little into the country, for really there are no paths which look like our sweet English footpaths. The people here, and, we afterwards found, in most French towns, congregate where there is most to be seen, where

there is most gaiety,—thus, at Pauillac the quay was the promenade, and a very pretty one. Some nice acacias shaded the walks, and before us was the wide calm Gironde, with some handsome and picturesque shipping ; on shore were barrels of wine innumerable, picturesque-looking sailors and vigneron, more picturesque women, with immense snow-white hoods, or oriental turban-looking handkerchiefs ; a few boats lazily moored or afloat ; and all under a bright southern sun. How I wished I could have drawn well, had had a pencil, and that it were not Sunday ; but these are three considerable obstacles to producing a painting, which, otherwise, would have resembled one of Teniers' best efforts.

Our inn looked poor, but what a dinner ! these French rogues do understand the kitchen. Some of these nice looking nut-brown maids with coal-black eyes, snow-white hoods, long legs, and short petticoats, proceeded to lay the cloth. The table was an ugly one, but the linen was as white as—foam.—I've used snow too often, besides, 'tis a cold simile for this broiling country.—A serviette was then laid out in the middle of the table, Frenchmen being expected to spatter this part in particular, napkins were laid around, neatly folded, bread in shapes like logs of wood, pepper and salt of nearly the same colour, two immense carraffes of water, and two bottles of claret which would have rejoiced Falstaff's

heart, silver forks, and villanous pointed iron knives. Then came dinner ; in the first place, beautiful oysters, about 100, with sauces, oils, &c., then soup ; second course,—roast duck, sausages, roast beef, potatoes, artichokes—delicious,—mutton cutlets, salad of endive, with oil and vinegar to be mixed. The dessert which followed was a beautiful one ; Gruyère cheese patties, peaches not perfectly ripened, walnuts excellent, delicious grapes do., pears, almonds, cakes, and almond cake. These articles were all abundant, not sparingly doled out, as is too often the case ; and this dinner for six persons cost—Oh, ye traiteurs of Edinburgh !—20 francs, or 2s. 8d. a head !

Some little traits during dinner are worth noticing. Our high-hooded waiters were by no means *genées* by our presence, but sat down in the room, on occasions chatted, and even carried on conversation with the passengers of the street below. However, there was no impertinence, but great civility and attention to us. On changing Duncan's tumbler, one of these same damsels threw the contents of the glass, half a pint of claret, into the street, and then rinsed it with water. We were all in prodigious spirits, Jane particularly so, for to her, seeing France is like seeing an old friend again, and recognizing fifty little traits of his character and habits. She acted chiefly also as our interpreter, and contributed most

largely to the hilarity of the evening. After dinner, &c. we retired to our rooms, which were clean and comfortable, but I at least, did not sleep a great deal, owing to a dinner rather too much varied.

5th October.—We had a déjeuner à la fourchette in the morning, little inferior to our dinner, with some excellent coffee. The charge was 15 francs, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs, 2s. each. This included white and red wine, and almost the same variety of meats and fruits we had the previous evening. A few minutes afterwards, we got on board *La belle Bordelaise*, French steamer, for Bordeaux. The vessel was a small but comfortable one, and the cabin laid out with preparations for breakfast with a neatness I never saw in England. A bell tolled three times before we started, and we proceeded at a slow rate, as the tide was fast ebbing.

Our passengers were, at this period, chiefly English, several of whom had been left on shore at Pauillac the day before, and took this method of getting up to Bordeaux. There was one numerous Irish family, by name Sause, who have emigrated in a body; they consist of an old good humoured Papa, and a great number of ill and overgrown daughters, who are clothed in a most caricature fashion. They are catholics, and have, probably, come for two reasons, cheapness, and preference of a catholic country. We proceeded up the river by a circuitous

course, as we had to call at different towns on each side. The scenery was at first rich and flat, but it improved very much on the north side. The river is very wide, and contains several flat islands, until the point of junction of the Dordogne and Garonne. We called first at Blaye, a town of about 5000 inhabitants; it has a citadel, and is rather gloomy looking for a French town. Here we got a large influx of French passengers; priests, market women, soldiers, and sportsmen who had been spending a Sunday *à la chasse*. How new and gay are the dresses and costumes of the people! The country now got more beautiful; we were close to the north bank, which falls precipitously from a table land of about 100 feet high into the river. The precipice is of a soft easily quarried freestone, and a great demand for that useful article has fixed a considerable population here, who have embellished La Roque in a high degree. In such a climate they fear no damp, and thus the caves which they excavate serve for houses, to which they build fronts and chimneys. Some easier slopes are covered with vineyard or garden; a few trees are scattered here and there; rugged paths wind up the rocks in all directions, and on the height is seen now and then some old tower among its vineyards looking down on the river. This scattered village is a very interesting object, and I regretted that there was no time to sketch it while pass-

ing ; the following attempt is from memory, done at Bordeaux ; it conveys a slight idea, but is very imperfect.

SKETCH.

This beautiful bank continues to adorn the north shore of the Dordogne. We had a fine view up that river at its junction with the Garonne, and the situation of the little town of Bourg, upon a height, and embosomed in trees, pleased us much. We now proceeded up the Garonne, which is, for some time, much less interesting, the shores being quite flat, and only diversified by some small country houses, which become more numerous as we approach Bordeaux. These houses are in appearance gay, but do not appear to be very generally inhabited at this time. The weather at this time unfortunately got worse, and, no doubt, hurt our impressions on entering the port of Bordeaux ; we saw enough, however, to convince us that it was very fine ; on the side opposite the city, the banks rise at some distance from the shore. For a mile and a half before we landed the port was as thickly occupied as the Thames about Limehouse. We amused ourselves reading the names and ports of the vessels ; they were almost all from the north of Europe, Britain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany ; there were also several Americans ; almost all, of course, for cargoes

of wine. At about four o'clock we landed at the Quai Louis 18, in a shower of rain ; our tickets or checks were demanded while leaving the vessel, a very inconvenient arrangement, and it was evident that we were under the eyes of the Douane of the city. Immediately on landing we got a street coach and drove to the Hôtel Marin, so called, not from compliment to the naval folks, but from the name of the last proprietor.

BORDEAUX.

We arrived in Bordeaux on the 6th, and only left it on the 12th October ; we had thus considerable opportunities of seeing this fine city, and we found it well worthy of so long a stay. No city I have yet visited contains such a variety of magnificent elevations of private houses, and the streets are in consequence quite unequalled in this respect. Even those that are narrow and of forbidding appearance, frequently contain façades of a proportion that surprises the spectator. This fine architecture is modern, for the city before 1740, although possessing many interesting gothic remains, had not that air of opulence and splendour which now distinguishes it. Since that period openings have been made through its narrow ways, and the talents of the architect Louis have been developed with great success.

Bordeaux is built on the left side of the Garonne, here a very fine wide stream of about 600 yards over. The river forms a beautiful semicircular bend, and it is on the west or convex side of this bend that the city is built. The wide and busy quay extends for nearly three miles on this side, and is adorned by many public buildings and private houses of a noble architecture. From the north east, therefore, where there are high grounds, the view of the Port of Bordeaux opening like a theatre before the spectator, is superb. The river is covered with shipping, and behind the line of buildings which border it, the numerous old gothic spires of the city rise.

The weather was bad for several days after we arrived at Bordeaux, and I therefore stayed in the house, not without some impatience. Jane and Elizabeth visited the gallery of paintings one day, but found nothing much worth seeing ; a few of the second rate specimens of the second rate masters. The first walk I took was on Thursday the 9th, when I accompanied J., E., and Dr. M. to the bridge over the Garonne, a splendid undertaking, with which I was equally delighted and surprised. It is of extraordinary dimensions, of a handsome and simple architecture, and kept in admirable order. We walked across to the east side, where the interior of the bridge is exhibited, and were astonished with the beauty of its construction. The roadway rests on arches raised on the piers

and arches of the bridge, and thus the space between the piers and the road is, excepting the pillars which support the latter, perfectly hollow. Under the footways one may cross the river in a subterranean path of beautiful perspective, but the carriage road, being a foot or two lower, there is there less room. The bridge altogether deserves a much more correct and minute description than I could give from my very cursory visit, so I shall abridge the account of it in the *Guide de l' Etranger à Bordeaux*, a performance much superior to the general run of these productions.

The Bridge of Bordeaux was begun under the reign of Napoleon, in the year 1810. Like most great undertakings, it had been previously much talked of and surveyed, and the plans for its execution had been frequently changed. Napoleon's plan was to erect two abutments of stone, and nineteen wooden arches. The piers were to be of stone.

At the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, the whole progress made was, that six of the piers had been begun, three raised to low water mark, and three imperfectly founded. The work now proceeded more steadily. It was found difficult to procure a sufficient quantity of wood, and in 1819 it was decided that stone and brick should be the materials made use of. About this period Government, wearied, I suppose, with so expensive and difficult

an undertaking, transferred to a Company the property of the Bridge. The Company engaged to complete it within three years (on the 1st January 1822,) and they were to enjoy the tolls for 99 years from that date, at the end of which period it was to become public property.

The work now went on with extraordinary vigour. The Company borrowed, in April 1819, two millions of francs. They founded five new piers and built two new abutments, they built a temporary wooden bridge across the river, raised the whole sixteen piers in stone from their foundations, constructed seventeen wooden centres on which the stone arches were erected, and the Bridge was completed three months within the time fixed. The whole expense was $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions of francs, or about £260,000, which appears a very small sum.

The following are measurements:—

	Metres.	Eng. feet.	Inches.
Length of the bridge within abutments,	486.68	1596	4
Breadth within parapets, . . .	14.86	47	9
Number of arches, 17.			
Diameter of each of the piers, (16) .	4.21	13	10
Ditto of each of the 7 centre arches, ,	26.49	76	11
Ditto of each of the 2 side arches, -	20.84	68	4
Each footpath is broad, . . .	2.50	8	2
The road,	9.86	32	4

The chief difficulty in erecting this bridge was to find foundations, The Garonne is from 6 to 10 metres (20 to 32 feet) deep. The tide rises from 4 to 6 metres

(13 to 20 feet) and the descending current with the ebb is sometimes above 3 metres a second, (10 feet) the mud is of so soft and yielding a kind, that it was necessary for each pier to drive about 250 piles of pine from 8 to 10 metres (26 to 32 feet) deep. These piles were sawn over about four metres (13 feet) below low water mark. The first layers of stone of the pier were then built in a floating flat bottomed trough, which was sunk into its place. The diving bell was employed in these manœuvres.

It is worth remarking that the Company of Bordeaux was the first whose erection was sanctioned by the Chambers, which had in view an object of public utility. Public spirit does exist in France.

We were much delighted with our several walks through Bordeaux. The transitions from ancient to modern are singular. From the bridge and the wide quay, alive with an industrious population, clothed in the gay colours of the south, it is but a step to narrow and dark streets and silent gothic churches, where the burning wax lights disclose the sallow penitent on his knees before the old stern looking paintings of saints and martyrs. What a contrast in the dress and appearance of the priests, who steal along with grave and thoughtful countenances, to the blithe expressions of the peasantry and market people. From a church we proceed to some avenue or esplanade,

where every thing wears a military aspect. From this we come upon the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre of Gallienus, with its time-worn and time-warring architecture ; half built, half resting on this venerable ruin, may be seen the lighter erections of modern times, white walls covered with trellis, and blushing grapes. From the silence of the Amphitheatre we proceed to rising streets, where the masons are engaged in sawing and polishing the white stone, and a large marble pedestal stands on a fine open space in the heart of the town, awaiting a figure of Louis le Désiré (Louis XVI.) of 18 feet high. What a weight of bronze, if his bulk be represented in proportion.

It would be of little use to particularize the public buildings of Bordeaux. We were in many of the churches, which are most of them very handsome, and interesting from their antiquity. The spires of the cathedral are beautiful, being very light and tapering. This Church (St Andrew) was built during the English sovereignty, and no doubt the Black Prince has often knelt there. There are several churches of even far more ancient date, and of a style more approaching to the Saxon, having the round arch and smaller windows. Such are St. Croix, said to have been built in Charlemagne's reign, and St. Seurin. St. Michel's is the most regular of the old gothic churches. It is remarkable that the aisles, nave, choir, and transept are all of the same height. The church is indeed a

handsome gothic parallelogram. Near it, but not attached to it, is a tower called the Clocher St. Michel, which is also of good gothic architecture, but it is remarkable for containing below it a cave or vault peculiarly adapted for the preservation of dead bodies without decay. I did not visit the place, but Dr. M. did. He saw about 80 bodies, all above three hundred years old, and in a wonderful state of keeping. Features, hair, &c. were quite distinguishable. The skin was in general like parchment. One body was pointed out to him as that of a priest who had been buried alive. The expression of countenance was horrible. The preserving power of this place is probably owing to its being within such deep foundations, so totally preserved from variation of temperature, and from damp. On the sides is the founding wall of the tower, probably 20 feet thick, and beneath is, they say, a stratum of animal matter and human bodies of about 15 feet. At present they are at little pains to exclude the external air, and such is the carelessness of the keeper,—a woman, by the way, —that Dr. M. thinks the bodies must now speedily decay.

Below the church of the Cordeliers at Toulouse, (now a magazine of hay) before the Revolution, was a vault which contained many bodies in a higher state of preservation, and of still greater antiquity. A poor youth lost his life there shortly before the place was shut up. He had betted that he would at midnight drive a nail

in the floor of the middle of the vault, and descended with a lantern alone for that purpose. He never returned. When he was found, it was observed that he had inadvertently driven the nail through his own cloak, and, on turning away, finding himself withheld, imagination had killed him. It was a foolish bet. In the church of St. Nicolas, which is also in Toulouse, a few bodies were preserved in the porch of a very forbidding appearance, the skin being dried in such a way as to contract the features in a shocking manner. Maupertuis, who resided there for a year before his death, used frequently to visit this sombre place, and to pass an hour or two in contemplating these evidences of mortality. His friends, true Frenchmen, who did not understand how there could be any satisfaction in thinking, especially on subjects so grave and momentous, tried every means to dissuade him from these melancholy visits. "Pourquoi," said one of them with something of the ribaldry of French wit, and wishing to turn into ridicule the sentiments of awe which this sight inspired, "*pourquoi rient ces morts là*" (He alluded to the ghastly contraction of the muscles) "*Ils rient de ceux qui vivent,*" was the solemn reply of the philosopher.

A far more pleasing but less sacred contemplation of death, is afforded in the beautiful burying ground of Char treuse, near Bordeaux, whither we walked on the 10th

October, a beautiful day. Our way was through a quiet and smiling suburb, where nursery grounds, rich in the productions of a southern climate, were around us. A few tea-gardens were by the way side, into one of which, shaded by richly loaded vines, we stepped to refresh ourselves. It was very delightful pulling the fruit from the trellis, and to taste it so cool and fresh. We paid fifteen pence for an immense quantity, and proceeded on our walk. Immediately on entering the precincts of the Chartreuse, we felt the quiet calm influence of the place. It is entirely surrounded with, and divided by avenues of sycamores of a fresh shady green, and in the centre, cypresses, weeping willows, yew trees, &c. of various ages and sizes, point out the tombs of the aged and the young. This cemetery has been only established about thirty years, and already contains about 100,000 bodies. The tombs have not in general much pretension, and are of a decidedly better architecture than in Scotland. Sarcophagi massively executed are the most common. The simple turf is the most pleasing tomb, and when strewn with fresh flowers, as we saw many here, the most certain mark of affection. A few graves had glass cases upon them, containing in a more French taste, bouquets of artificial flowers, and sometimes a few verses by a brother or child of the deceased. Some of these were not without simplicity, therefore beauty. Hundreds of lizards were sport-

ing on the tombs, a good proof of the mildness of the climate (10th October.) We enjoyed this walk very much. On our way home we purchased some medlars (*nèfles*,) which Elizabeth found nearly as good as spoilt pears.

We enjoyed very much while in Bordeaux our incognito, walking about when and where we chose, and frequently buying grapes, &c. in the streets. We were perfectly indifferent to the stare of the French public, being entirely unknown to them, and enjoyed ourselves in being most delightfully vulgar, in looking into the windows of book shops and others, and stopping in the street to consider every thing new and interesting.

Private houses appear to be remarkably handsome and large in Bordeaux. We saw no interior, excepting a part of one in the suburb of the Chartreuse, belonging to an English merchant, to whom we had introductions. At this season, however, the inhabitants of the higher classes are in the country, not from a taste for its beauties, for there are very few Frenchmen who have any,—who can even imagine life tolerable out of town,—but for the sake of superintending the vintages. Of society in Bordeaux we could learn little. It appears that all the men meet at clubs to spend their evenings, and the ladies are left very much to themselves.

We all enjoyed the luxury of a warm bath after our

sea voyage. We went to a new establishment of this kind, which was very inferior to the Edinburgh Infirmary hot-baths, but much cheaper. A Café was attached to the establishment, as also a stock of cosmetics, &c. in which last the French certainly excel us. The variety of their soaps, oils, waters, &c. for beautifying the person is amazing. Indeed this art seems to be that which is most studied in this country. In a puff which was wrapped round a piece of soap I purchased, mention was made of some sovereign dye for hair, and the eloquent writer used these words, "*Celui qui la veille portait la neige, peut le lendemain, s'il le veut, recommencer son printemps.*" We found but few book shops in Bordeaux, and but one place where we could get maps; there we admired some of the beautiful maps of Brué.

The theatre we only know from its exterior, which is splendid. It has necessarily a very high roof, which is not visible, however, from its front, as there are buildings opposite at no great distance; twelve handsome statues decorate the pedestals on the terrace. This theatre is from a design of Louis; it cost three millions of francs, and was three years in building; it was finished in 1780, and is the handsomest building of the kind as to its exterior, in the world.

Bordeaux is interesting from its antiquities, but how much more so might it have been! The old amphitheatre

of Gallienus has been shamefully used, and although still distinguishable, terribly spoilt by mean modern buildings;—the fountain of Divona, sung by Ausonius, is no more;—the fine Gothic tower of Payberlau, which, from the drawings that exist, must have been a splendid thing, is now utterly destroyed, the windows blocked up with rough stone, and the building used as a shot manufactory. There is here very little love of antiquities. The tower of St. Michael, another magnificent Gothic work, has been allowed to fall much into decay—some 100 feet of the spire have fallen, and, instead of restoring, the French put up a telegraph on the remainder. It appears to me (with my little experience) one of the most striking traits of the French character—their utter carelessness, and contempt of every thing that is old, and their admiration and blind praise of every thing new. Religion, institutions, and buildings,—every thing, in short, is tried by the test of fashion—Novelty. An Englishman would walk with reverence and love through York or Chester, and would kneel in Westminster Abbey; a Frenchman inquires, in Nismes or Arles, only for the theatres, and goes to Notre Dame as seldom as may be.

I have spoken of the view of the city from the north-east: I had unluckily no opportunity of seeing this view, as my health would not admit my going so far. From the relative positions, however, I have some idea what

it must be, and that it must deserve the eulogium given it by Jouy, "Il n'y a aucune (ville) en Europe (Constantinople excepté) dont l'aspect en arrivant par la Bastide soit d'un effet plus magique, et présente une disposition plus imposante." M. Jouannet thus describes this view:—"Voyez au delà des prés, des vignes, et des bois et la vallée, ce fleuve couverte d'une forêt de mâts, tous les quais bordés d'une longue suite des façades que dominent sur les plans différents, le grand théâtre, l'église gothique de St. Michel, les flèches légères de St. André, les clochers mutilés de Pay Berland, et de Ste. Eulalie. Contemplé le matin au lever du soleil, lorsque sur plus d'une lieue de rivage d'innombrables vitraux réfléchissent les premiers feus de jour, figurez vous cet arc immense, tout étincelant des lumières, formant alors le plus riche, le plus brillant tableau, qu'une cité embellie par les mains du pouvoir et des arts, puisse offrir aux regards de l'homme."

Since this time, the bridge adds a new and splendid feature to this magnificent view.

VOITURIN TRAVELLING.

Bordeaux to Toulouse, Oct. 11-16, 1829.—The Place St. Julien, at Bordeaux, is the rendezvous of the voituriers of Toulouse, and thither Dr. Menzies went to find some

of them. He brought us a very decent civil man, whose politeness was a little French, however, as he told us he preferred very much being of service to foreigners than to his own countrymen. He agreed with us, however, as to terms, (App. p. 1.) 240 francs, which was cheap. To get on faster, he took our baggage, on the 10th, to Langon, a distance of about 25 miles up the river, and on the 11th we followed him by the steam-boat. I coughed a good deal that morning, from unusual early rising, as the steam-boat left the quay at 6. The morning felt very cold and was misty, the banks of the river were rarely visible.

The crowd on board the boat was at first immense, there was only room to stand. It being Sunday, an amazing number of people were getting out to the country to enjoy themselves. At each village we passed, we put on shore a detachment, so that, when we arrived at Langon, we were but a small crew. The country we had passed is highly beautiful. At Langon we landed, and found our voiturier. We heard of our travelling companions, the Fortescues, here also, who kept up with us all the way to Toulouse.

The journey occupied us five and a half days, and was very pleasant upon the whole. Such a mode of travelling, however, has its disadvantages; the chief one being the slowness. We were obliged to rise betimes in the

morning, when it was generally very cold, and we were late of getting to our station for the night. It would be more advisable for an invalid in France, to buy a carriage and travel with post-horses, in which case he would get on much faster, in less time, and not be exposed to the depression of temperature in the mornings and evenings. About mid-day, the weather generally became very hot, and continued so until sun-set, when it cooled very rapidly. We could not use our thermometer, but from observations at Toulouse, we found that the variations in temperature, from the heat of the sun, in one day, are frequently very great. (See register of weather, in Appendix to MS. Journal.)

Our road between Bordeaux and Toulouse was near the banks of the Garonne, and of great beauty. The country is almost all in vineyard on the rising slope from the river, and quite studded with pretty towns and bourgs. As for villages in the English acceptation, or cottages, they scarcely exist, even here, although this is one of the best peopled parts of France. The whole country wore a very smiling appearance, but we saw nothing of that joyous hilarity which is said to accompany the vintage. We frequently stopped to purchase or pull grapes, which grow in the hedgerows, in the few places where there are hedges; where we bought them the price was about a halfpenny a pound, but they were sold

by guess, without weight. The richest country we passed through was that about Agen, in the department of the Lot and Garonne. It is really a land of abundance. In a country of so much natural beauty in England, we should have had an endless succession of smiling cottages and beautiful seats, showing all the substantial comforts of our own country. The roads would have been shaded by ancient trees—the towns clean and handsomely paved, and a busy population moving along. Here, however, were no cottages, the Châteaux had almost all a deserted appearance, very few of them were inhabited, and many are falling to ruins. Two or three country houses were in the course of building; they were, in general, formal looking houses, with small Dutch gardens. In the whole journey, we did not see ten fine trees, nor did we, even in those towns which *looked* so beautiful, ever get on good pavement, or see cleanliness.

The Garonne is a fine river, but too rapid for the purposes of navigation. It is wonderful how the steamer makes head against so tremendous a current. Toulouse is about 300 or 400 feet above the sea, and it is a severe labour to force up barges to that place. This is, however, the entrance of the boasted French Canal, which the French think the finest in the world. At Toulouse, excepting after rains, the river is of a beautiful transpa-

rent green, but at every point that we saw it, below that city, it was very muddy.

The inns on the road are tolerable, always abundance of clean linen and clean beds. On the other hand, one seldom finds a comfortable room, or a fire ready lighted to receive the traveller. Bells are unknown, and it is a great pest to have to call out constantly. The lighting of a fire, and the preparing a tolerable dinner or supper, for there is nothing in the house excepting what is necessary for the family, and every thing must be sought for, occupies an hour and a half, or two hours. To an invalid, it is a trying thing to sit in a cold room for two hours in the bustle of preparation. As to charges, they are infamous. I shall not again travel in France without bargaining, beforehand, at every inn, for a people so totally ignorant of common honesty, I never saw—they take every advantage of travellers, and consider evidently how far they may venture to pluck them. The Duchess de Berri, who has been lately in the south of France, and is the most popular of the Royal Family, did not escape the imposition of the inn-keepers. She was every where received, as the papers say, with enthusiasm, but this did not prevent her, and her suite, being charged 2400 francs for dinner for five persons! and 700 francs for breakfast! Her Grace, “*irritée de ces demandes,*”

payed half the money, with which the rogues thought themselves well off, I dare say. At one place, "Castel Sarasin," where we breakfasted, we were so infamously used, that we applied to the authorities. The Maire, however, and two of his adjuncts, were in the country, and the third was ill. We left a written statement of our case, but do not know what success it had.

At Malauze, a village not far from the union of the Teon and Garonne, we had a pleasant evening, and something like hearty welcome. The host was a German, and had been wounded in several campaigns under Napoleon; as he was suffering, Dr. Menzies prescribed for him. At this place, also, I was disagreeably surprised to find that I spit blood in considerable quantity; this I attributed to the difficulty of speaking in a carriage, and I, therefore, kept very quiet afterwards. However, I perceived that it would be far the more advisable thing to cease travelling, which was not without many inconveniences, and this was the chief reason of the great alteration in our plans, which made us fix for the winter at Toulouse.

We arrived at that ancient city on the 15th October, and were very glad to get into a comfortable hotel, (Baichère,) where we spent about ten days looking for lodgings in the town.

I ought to have given a description of our hotel in

Bordeaux, as there is much that differs from a good English hotel.—The Hôtel Marin ranks as one of the best in Bordeaux. It consists of six storeys, which are named Rez de Chaussée or ground floor, Entresol, a storey stolen from the roof of the former, and a very low roofed one therefore. The third storey is called le Premier, and so on. We occupied a tolerable sitting room, although tiled and uncarpeted, on the ground floor, and three good *timber-floored* bed rooms, au troisième, fifth flat. For this we paid 9 francs per day,—not much. We had a stove in our sitting room, the chimney of which was out of order, “as it was not cold enough yet for fires;” this chimney had to be repaired for us. The French are not in a hurry to put things in order before they are wanted. The stairs and passages of this hotel were scarcely four feet wide; I have no doubt the furniture must have been slung up to the upper storeys. A miserable iron railing accorded with the stair. As for conveniences, this hotel was shockingly supplied. We breakfasted always on coffee, which was excellent, but we had some difficulty in teaching the folks to give it in sufficient quantity, as the French take commonly but a single cup, and make up their breakfast by such heterogeneous articles as we had at Pauillac. We dined always *à la carte*, writing out from the bill of fare what dishes we wanted, and in what quantity, for every thing

is meted out with great exactness ; we generally ordered dishes for three, and found this quite enough for five, when there were several dishes. The kitchen of this inn was to us a curiosity ; there were about thirty charcoal fires in the brick dresser, and the maître d'hôtel used to call in what dishes were wanted, and at what hour ; immediately the cooks are in full activity, boiling, and frying, and stewing in their earthenware pots. Until I saw this kitchen, I was puzzled to think how the French tables managed to produce such an amazing variety of dishes : half-a-dozen dishes, with bread and wine *ad libitum*, used to cost us about 3 francs, or 2s. 6d. a-head. But so exact were the calculations of what we eat and drank, that the price of our breakfast varied some centimes every day, from the number of eggs, &c. we ordered. Upon the whole, this appeared to me a well kept house, and very moderate. Attendance was very inferior to that of an English inn, and bells were none ; it is customary, and guests are even requested to keep their room locked, and to leave the key, when out, with the portière, who has a key-room in the Entresol ; this key is put into your hands again when you come in.

I purchased in Bordeaux the works of Montesquieu, the greatest man it has produced. Montaigne was born about ten leagues from the same city, and the orator Vergniaud was another of its citizens. How much I

have been struck with the prophetic tone of Montesquieu's writings relative to French politics. One can almost trace the events of the Revolution in his pages.

TOULOUSE.

The French tell you that Toulouse is a very large and very ill built town, with crooked and narrow streets, few good buildings, and, altogether, very disagreeable to inhabit. They have, as I before observed, no taste for antiquity. In my eyes, after nearly three months' residence, I find it a very interesting city, much decayed from its former splendour, but still possessed of fine buildings, picturesque streets, handsome quays, and a noble river.

My first walks in Toulouse interested me much. I found none of the modern beauty of Bordeaux, few Greek elevations of houses, no new public buildings, and no imposing streets, but fine old Saxon spires on some of the churches, with their rows of arches placed circularly one above another, old Moorish-looking towers, almost flat roofed, round the ancient rampart, and, altogether, a sombre and melancholy air, which contrasts strangely with the climate. In almost every street rills of water entertain an agreeable coolness, to which their tortuous nature and the height of the old houses contribute,

by excluding the sun. Many of the streets are almost silent, for the city is by no means peopled in proportion to its extent, but others are crowded with the wares (chiefly comestibles,) of the shops and stalls, and the busy buyers and loud sellers. Toulouse has long been famous for good cheer, certainly its markets are wonderful for their supply and variety.

On gaining the bridge over the Garonne, a new and beautiful prospect opens ; a wide and clear river, notwithstanding the green hue of its waters, floats gently by, and breaks over its last dam just below the city. The quays are not busy, excepting with the mob of washerwomen, whose gay coloured dresses, strength, and activity, form a pleasing picture. Above the bridge, tree-covered islands of a refreshing green contrast with the bright red tile roofs, and, beyond the heights of Pech David, arise the magnificent Pyrenees. I had never before seen mountains worthy the name, for, alas ! Ben-lomond, Skiddaw, and Snowdon, beautiful as they are, are of a far inferior order, and I was wonderfully impressed with this vast rampart of inaccessible snowy peaks, which appear so sublime at a distance of 70 miles. It is true the angle of their elevation was very slight, scarcely exceeding that of the height to the south of the city, but there was a something in the strange faintness and yet perfect distinctness of the outline of the Pyrenees

which at once showed their real majesty. We often afterwards returned to the bridge for the purpose of contemplating the mighty range, and usually walked, whenever the weather was clear, to some point whence we could discern it.

At Bordeaux, the authorities, by a very excellent institution, have succeeded in putting down begging. At Toulouse the fraternity appears to be very numerous and extremely eloquent. The number who pass our present abode, Rue Perchepinte, is extraordinary. In the morning, a blind man and his wife, a most ragged couple, led by an active poodle, stagger on, shouting one of the most unmusical songs I ever heard, and as regularly as breakfast comes round; another rogue is mounted on a donkey; a third drawn by a great Danish dog in a little cart; a fourth, who has lost his legs, moves about, swinging between his supporting hands in a great wooden bowl; in the rue des Nobles a youth takes his regular station in a camp bed and apostrophises every person with "*personnes charitables!*" and "*personne est charitable.*" The church doors are besieged by the whole tribe, palsied, maimed, and blind, on all fêtes, as devotion opens the purse strings. All this is very like the descriptions we have of a Spanish town, and the resemblance is increased by the number of priests and monks, the general use of the cloak, and the religious appearance of

the people. The cries of the streets are numerous, and generally most unmusical, from the gruff cry of "*decrotteur*," which comes from the mouth of a fustian encased fellow who bears about with him his little tripod and a box with his brushes and blacking, to that of "*para-pluies*," which one always hears when there is no rain, —and the most melancholy story, which ends with the word "*castagnas*."

The place du Capitole is the centre of the gaiety of Toulouse. It is a curious sight in the evening to see the number of stalls, where bonbons, hardware, books, &c. &c. are sold by most active shopmen. They burn candles under oiled paper, and the number of lights has a pretty effect. The stalls are ranged in rows, having a walk between them for the customers. These shops have often a *prix fixé*, and one hears the inviting calls of *onze sous ! dix-neuf sous et demi ! vingt-trois sous et demi !* which are the prices of every article at the respective booths. I purchased for 19 sous a wooden fork and spoon for salad, which I had seen on the 29 sous stall, but I did not make a very good bargain, for I afterwards saw the same articles at quatorze sous et demi. In November, maps and prints were selling ; they were lying on the ground, and that is no bad account of the climate.

The churches of Toulouse are very numerous, or rather

were so, for of 62 or 63 which existed before the Revolution, only ten are now devoted to religious purposes, the others having been converted into magazines, barracks, &c. The Cathedral is an irregular building, the quoir quite beautiful. The east end is circular, and the aisles meet there. They contain many beautiful chapels, and are of the finest Gothic architecture. The nave of this church was begun to be built while the Crusaders besieged the city on account of the heretical principles of Raymond VI., and the vast plan has evidently been altered in consequence, so that, by the nave being narrowed, it does not occupy the front of the quoir. This irregularity hurts the building very much. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Stephen. We heard there a fine *Te Deum*, performed under the auspices of the Archbishop, on St. Charles' day. The church of St. Saturninus is the most perfect of all. It dates from the eighth or ninth century, and the architecture is Saxon. It is in the form of a long cross; and the interior has a fine effect from the very high and simple arches which form the roof. This church is one of the richest in relics which can be seen in France. The catalogue is immense and incredible. Francis the I., during his captivity at Madrid, vowed an offering to these relics, which was afterwards performed. An inscription to this effect exists in the church, together with this line, which

is founded on the numerous relics the church contains :

“ Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.”

It is not the less holy that it contains the body of poor Montmorency, who was drawn into a revolt against Louis XIII., and whom that bloody monarch would not pardon. When his life was begged by all his courtiers, at the time he was being led to execution, the King said impatiently :—“ Il faut qu’il meure : allez lui dire que toute la grâce que je puis lui faire, c’est que le bourreau ne le touchera point, qu’il ne lui mettra point la corde sur les épaules *et qu’il ne fera que lui couper le cou.*” Such was the son of Henri IV., and such has been the character of most of the French monarchs. This church has a very handsome spire—the only one in Toulouse that deserves that epithet, for they are in general unmeaning masses of brick—which put me in mind of many of the towers in Holland and the north of Germany. By the way, there is another good spire in the suburb of St. Cyprian.

There is some beautiful carving on some of the old fronts of houses. One in the Rue de la Dalbade, in particular, is very handsome. It has a large front of stone most richly decorated, and I regret I can find or take no drawing of it. The interior court of the hotel is unworthy of the front, which is the handsomest for a

private house I ever saw. The French appear to be quite unaware of the ancient beauties about them, and are far more interested with the erection of a paltry modern house. Inquire as I would, I have not been able to learn any thing of the history of this hotel, which I think must have belonged to some distinguished person or body. There are many fine door-ways and carvings scattered about the deserted parts of the town.

The church and cloisters of the Augustine monks have been converted to a worthier purpose than a barrack or granary. They now serve as the Museum and Gallery of Antiques. They are both highly respectable, although they both contain some great trash. The Museum musters one Raphael, a woman's head ; and is very poor in works of the Italian School, although it has many copies. There are some Dutch and Flemish pictures ; and the great mass is of the French School. One N. Poussin, fair, and some good pictures of Mignard and Champaigne, which last, by the by, is no Frenchman, being a Brusselsman. Of the modern French School are some delightfully ludicrous specimens. A picture of Alexander and Bucephalus is beautifully absurd in perspective, design, and, above all, colouring. Its pretension and attempt at greatness are tickling, and have made us all laugh. Of the same cast is a painting of Vignes, a new artist, representing Cæsar in a boat of

about 10 feet long on the Adriatic, with a grey-headed and grey-bearded pilot, and horror-struck sailor. The boat ingeniously dips into the water on the wind-ward side, despite of a beautiful sail, which is filled with a good breeze. Cæsar is standing proudly, and although his immense scarlet toga is so gracefully wrapped round him, that he cannot possibly see the pilot, he is addressing him in a choice theatrical attitude. The preposterous colouring of the French pictures immediately struck me, they are dyed like their silks and cottons.

Toulouse, 4th December, 1829.—I have often heard it said that there is little crime in France compared with England; I suspect this idea arises from the great publicity given to it with us, and from the contrary practice here. Not long ago there was a dreadful case of parricide in the department of the Gers, and to-day I observe one in the department of the Ain. The latter is so singular as to be worth noting:—

M. Bouvier Salazar was an avoué of Bourg, who had retired with a considerable fortune. His only daughter, Josephine, was married to M. A., (the name, out of respect to the feelings of the husband, is left blank.) The young couple were in the habit of spending the Autumn at the old man's country-house, two leagues from Bourg, and they were all there in September 1822.

Josephine went to Bourg in the beginning of that

month to purchase arsenic to kill rats, which were eating the linen in her press ; the apothecary refused to furnish it. She returned with her husband on 7th September, and under his signature it was obtained. She next prevailed on Bouvier to give an entertainment fixed for the 16th. On the previous evening she asked the cook, Marie Michol, to make ready some bread soup (*pain cuit*,) for her father's breakfast ; this was done, and Marie saw her mistress holding a paper under her arm near the closet where the soup was placed. At ten, Bouvier called for breakfast, Marie emptied the soup from the pan into the plate, and she herself partook of the scum and of what remained in the pot ; she was soon attacked with violent cholic and disposition to vomit ; Josephine, on hearing her cries, asked her what was the matter, and whether she had eaten of her father's soup ?

Bouvier himself was seized with the same symptoms. At noon he asked for a physician, who declared he was labouring under cholera morbus and indigestion, and the prescriptions of the physician were not obeyed. On the 12th Bouvier died.—Marie recovered.

The will was suppressed by arrangements made with Marie and other legatees. Marie's legacy was 4000 francs, payable in five years ; instead of this she received bills to the amount of 6000, payable in nine or ten years, *with interest*. Marie, however, was resolved to have

her original legacy also, if she could, and, at the end of six years, she began to prosecute Josephine for that sum. Josephine, who had become quite secure after so long a lapse of time, refused it, and Marie then made a disclosure to justice. Josephine fled and could not be found.

The trial went on, and she was found guilty and sentenced to death, ordered to be led to the scaffold in her shift, bare-foot, and her head covered with a black veil, her right hand to be cut off, and then guillotined.

It appears certain that, if the above crime took place, the husband was implicated; he was present at the purchase of the arsenic, at the illness and death of his father-in-law, and instrumental in bribing the cook. The cook herself, on whose evidence chiefly the condemnation rests, is a completely detestable character.

How comes it that no discovery was made of this crime at the time? Surely the apothecary, physicians, (there were two,) and neighbours, could have given evidence. And how comes it, that, on the accusation being received, the criminal was suffered to escape, instead of being instantly taken into custody? Altogether, this trial is little creditable to the French criminal law, and less so to the morals of a people, of whom, one, a woman in the better circles, and possessed of education as this was, could murder an old man and a father to obtain his property a few years sooner.

A WIFE'S LOVE.

Against the bloody Emperor,
Sabinus drew his sword,
Ambition was his bosom's king,
And Freedom was his word.
"Fight not, fight not," said Eponine,
"Thou wilt not happier be
In purple on the Roman throne,
Than here in peace with me."

He fought, and Fortune warred with him,
His scattered legions fled,
And he, a wandering outlaw, had
A speedy death to dread.
That morn, a prince, he sallied forth,
To mount the Roman throne,
That eve he to his palace crept,
An outlaw and alone.

"Burn, burn thy halls," said Eponine,
"And I the tale will spread,

That in the flames despair had lit,
My wretched lord is dead :
Then in the cave beneath the tower,
Thou safe shalt live with me,
In purple on the Roman throne
Thou couldst not happier be.

He fired the halls, and left the sun
To live within a grave,
'Stead of the stately Palatine,
A dark and dismal cave.
No sound of earth struck on his ear,
No sight upon his eyes,
Yet love and Eponine could make
That cave a paradise.

And she the faithful and the true,
Toiled for their daily food,
And cheered, by every art of love,
His deathlike solitude.
And children twain, most fair to see,
Within the cave she bore,
Who taught their father happiness
He never knew before.

And thus for nine long years they lived,
Till thinking danger o'er,

Once more he looked upon the earth,
And on the sun once more.
Unknown, my Eponine, he said,
Let us poor peasants be,
Less blest in grandeur I would live,
Than here with these and thee.

Alas! accursed envy lives
As long as woman's love ;
Alas! a tyrant's clemency,
'Tis hard, most hard, to move.
The chief, though changed by misery,
A hireling soldier knew ;
The chief, his children, and his wife,
A bloody monarch slew.

TOULOUSE, 6th December, 1829.

The above is taken from the story of Sabinus, as related by Anquetil in his history of France. What a foul stain to Vespasian is the condemnation of such a family.

Heard that the body of a Scotch lady, which the fanaticism of the Bigorraïis will not allow to rest in peace, has arrived here to undergo a second interment in the Protestant Cemetery.

7th Dec.—Snow to-day. A great change of climate.—

None of us went out. Engaged reading Montesquieu and History of France ; begun a sketch on that subject.

In the paper to-day is an account of a trial of the *gérants responsables* of the *France Méridionale*, a Toulouse journal. They had published an article against Polignac's Ministry, (very unpopular at present,) on the occasion of his becoming President of the Council :—" En l'an 12," the article goes on, " les successeurs de Pitt nous expédiaient le conspirateur, et qu'en l'an 1829 Wellington nous gratifie de ministre." And afterwards, " La nation doit savoir le cas que l'on fait de ses trop légitimes antipathies. Son tour viendra peut-être, et elle pourra mettre à profit ces amers souvenirs.

The Procureur de Roi attempts to make a grave case out of this party declamation. There is little eloquence or good sense in his or the defender's speeches. They were tried under the law of 25th March, 1822, directed against " excitation à la haine et au mépris du gouvernement du Roi," and found guilty. The number of the journal is suppressed, the two *gérants* fined 300 francs, and, what is worst, imprisoned for three months.

It is a hard enough sentence for such an offence, and shews a weakness in the government, or a too great willingness to display their power in its underlings.

9th Dec.—Went out to look for a Cæsar to-day to assist me in writing on Ancient Gaul ; picked up one, a

Toulouse edition, for 12 sous. M. Casse, the bookseller, has a circulating library, rich in novels; while I was there, a lady with her servant came in, and, after some prelude, the lady said, "avez vous quelque chose de nouveau qu'on puisse lire tout haut, qui soit décent?" I was astonished by the answer, "non, madame, je ne le crois pas avoir." The servant suggested a book, but the lady observed, "Fi donc, Dieu m'en garde." A pretty account of modern French novels!

Beware, all ye who visit France, of stealing white beans. A poor fellow in the department of the Gers, was sentenced the other day, for taking a small quantity, to the carcan and five years of forced labour. How do the French thieves learn their trade if experience is so dear?

15th Dec. (Tuesday.)—On Saturday, 12th, went to the Royal Foundry to see cannon cast; a good many people present. The metal was brass, melted in a large furnace; it was stirred by wooden poles, iron ones would, I suppose, have alloyed the metal; the wood burned very fast, and the charcoal floated on the surface. The metal was proved by expansion. There were eight moulds for the cannon, cast iron cylinders above a dozen feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter, likely. The clay oven for the metal was in the middle of four cylinders on each side, the four nearest the furnace were first filled with

the metal, and then the others ; there was scarcely enough of metal. We were told that the metal would take eight days to cool ; it had then to be turned and bored for cannon.

The weather improved to-day much, after ten days of fog and cold.

Sunday, 13th.—Had a walk in the Grande Allée. On our return, went into St. Stephens, and found a sermon was to be preached at four and a benediction said at five. We returned to the church after dinner. It was divided, one end for women and the other for men ; the former were by far the most numerous ; probably 3000 people in church. The sermon appeared respectable, the singing was partly beautiful, partly very poor. After a fine hymn, admirably sung and universally chorussed, we had another to the air of "*Ma Fanchette est charmante.*" The audience were very musical, more so than devout, although many held out their chaplets for the sprinkling of the holy water. What is *indulgence plénière* ? here it was granted for two months.

Monday, Dec. 14.—Went to-day to the Palais de Justice, we arrived just in time, while the indictment was being read. The case was rather interesting ; the accused, a woman servant at a Café, and now charged with two offences, one, stealing 100 francs, more or less, from the wallet of a traveller, the other, appropriating

an umbrella. The prisoner was guarded by *gens d'armes*. She spoke a great deal in her own defence, and criminated herself fast enough. There are five Judges; the President had an evident *penchant* for the crown side, he examines the witnesses and the prisoner, who has little commiseration or advantage.

A respectable jury were impanelled, they were provided with writing materials. The prisoner was asked by the President what she had to say in her defence, and answered at great length. Witnesses were called, who, instead of being examined by the king and prisoner's counsel, were sworn by the President without cross or book, and told to say all they knew on the subject. They generally inflicted a most desultory story upon the jury and audience. I can answer for all but one who spoke patois. After finishing their tales, they sat down amongst the audience, and not unfrequently were afterwards examined. This is a sad mismanagement. I never before saw a court with so little pretension to dignity. The judge and officer of court, sometimes bandied words. When the bench deliberated it was in private. The cause occupied above three hours; the prisoner was found guilty of both offences, and sentenced to five years imprisonment, pillory, and caution for future good conduct. The business would have been better done in England in half an hour.

On our return home, I mentioned the cause to our servant, who declaimed loudly against domestic theft, and stole a pair of logs of wood from us in the evening. We are to part with her.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.—Yesterday we were again at the Palais de Justice: the same carelessness in locking up witnesses, and keeping the jury from mixing with the public. A case of forgery, half gone through, very slow. We dismissed our servant to-day, much to her astonishment. She showed herself of her own accord to us, that we might see she carried off nothing. Would an honest woman have thought of such a thing? We have become great readers for some time, and have got through Madame de Genlis' book, "Le siège de la Rochelle," and her "Soupers de la Maréchelle de Luxembourg," both books redolent of the authoress' vanity and prejudices. The *ancien régime*, under the old ladies, must have been a very tiresome business, by her own showing; but I suppose the reality was much superior to her feeble descriptions. What a spite the hag has to Voltaire. Le Siège portrays one of her religious heroines, who is placed in the most impossible situations, and is meant to behave in the most sublime manner. We are reading Jouy's works, of which I shall say something in a few days, as also Count Segur's *Souvenirs*.

Friday, Dec. 18.—Read the *Cid* to-day, for the first time.

The same regularity and formality with most French tragedies,—all narrative and no action. The Cid *was* a hero; in the play he tells us so. The rules of the dramatic art are observed in France with surprising strictness. Their non-observance, by the English tragedians, gives rise to inventions and scenes unequalled by any other people. The French hero has the robes and colours of a painting—the English, some of the coarseness, and all the vigour and warmth of reality. In the Cid, there is much poetry. Seven young men were arrested at the theatre to-day, for hissing one of the actors, Madame Pouilly. Such a measure would savour too much of the power of the executive at Covent Garden.

Sunday, Dec. 20.—Still cold weather, but occasional sunshine. Went to the reading-room to-day, little news in Galignani's paper. In the *Revue Encyclopédique*, I was amused with an article on British Military Education. The preamble was in the true French universal style, a regular *vole au vent*. The Reviewer took a cursory view of Britain, in about half a page, in which he asserted that France had gone far before her in many respects. For instance, says he, to give to France now the English Constitution, would be telling her to retrograde in government and civilization, and make her lose the benefit of fifteen years' struggles for freedom. French freedom makes one shudder: her history is, as yet, but a com-

pound of polite despotism, and tiger-like anarchy. Now she is advanced to the administration of the Walpoles, but she is still a hundred years from the patriot spirit of a Pitt.

I have been re-reading the *Cid*, and am so far reconciled to it. The French think it the *chef d'œuvre* of tragedy, at least of their own. I confess I do not see the peculiar beauty in the subject, and the soufflet, though a matter of history, is ridiculous. Corneille's majesty does all that is possible to bear out the gasconade of Don Diégue and Rodrigue, and the two duellists go about their work with sufficient politeness. It accords ill with the high wrought Spanish honour, however, that Chimène should appear to consent to a union with the slayer of her father; she should have forgiven him, and retired, for ever, from the world.

There is amazing spirit in some parts of Corneille, notwithstanding the monotonous nature of the rhymed Alexandrines. When Don Diégue instructs his son of the insult he has received:—

D. DIEGUE.

Rodrigue, as tu du cœur ?

D. RODRIGUE.

Tout autre que mon père
L' éprouverait sur l'heure.

D. DIEGUE.

Agréable colère !

Digne ressentiment, à ma douleur bien doux !

Je reconnois mon sang à ce noble courroux ;

Ma jeunesse revit en cętte ardeur si prompte !

Viens mon fils, viens mon sang, viens, repare ma honte,—

Viens me venger !

D. RODRIGUE.

De quoi.

D. DIEGUE.

D'un affront si cruel,

Qu'a l'honneur de nous deux il porte un coup mortel,—

D'un soufflet.

This unlucky soufflet spoils all. The man who gives vent to his passions in rhymed numbers, cannot permit himself the natural expressions, the striking homeliness of our easy English blank verse, which varies its cadences at every line, to suit the spirit of the speaker.

A feeble line has a very absurd effect in French tragedy. The Infanta finishes a speech,

Ma gloire et mon amour ont pour moi tant d'appas,

Que je meurs s'il achève ou ne s'achève pas.

Her confidant replies,

Madame, après cela, je n'ai rien à vous dire.

Thursday, Dec. 24.—A beautiful day, but the snow, which fell so fast yesterday, is not melted, and the streets are uncomfortable for pedestrians. An attack of cold has affected my eyes, and prevented me from writing for some days. I bear very ill absence from books and maps ; and I feel that, as a blind man, I should have few resources left. Elizabeth read us a rather clever dramatic piece of Alex. Duval's—*Les Héritiers*. Duval's pieces are amusing, and excel in that smart dialogue that distinguishes the French comic writers, but there is no attempt at painting his characters deeply, excepting in one piece—*La jeunesse de Richelieu*—a play of some originality, but which would be more aptly termed tragedy than comedy. Richelieu is well drawn, somewhat laboriously, and he shows this. Armand declaims ; he ought to reason.

L' Hermit de la Chaussée d' Antin, of which I have read two volumes, has given me a wish to see Paris. The pieces are well written ; they are light and pleasing. There are also some attempts to pourtray the foibles and follies of the Parisians, not unworthy of *Le Sage*.

Agreed about our new lodgings to-day, to pay eighty francs a month, for anteroom, salon, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, and cellar, furnished. We pay the same for our present lodgings, which are very inferior.

The windows of the book shops are full of books for

new year's presents. I remarked some handsome bindings.

Wednesday, Dec. 30.—Since Friday last, the weather has been most miserably cold, more so than I ever saw it in Scotland, and more so, I am told, than it has been here for an hundred years. The thermometer has been as low as 5 Fahrenheit. The Garonne is completely frozen; the fountains through the town have ceased to flow. Many things show how unaccustomed the Toulouse folks are to any thing like this. They have no idea of frosting their horses, and refuse to drive wood or any thing else. Last Saturday, we were asked eight francs for a drive of half a mile, the driver alleging the risk he ran of laming his horses as a reason. The woodsellers in the town, taking advantage of the cold, and of the impossibility of transporting the commodity from the Port, ask a franc a log; however, we got some from the Port in a hurdle, pushed by men, for very little more than the regular price. Our washerwoman is in sad distress; she says she makes nothing, and cannot dry an article until the fine weather return. Cold weather, in this latitude, is accompanied with no enjoyment. It is just like what it was at Ham-burgh about ten years ago, when I was there; but, instead of crowds of skaters and sledges, with booths filled with refreshments, forming quite a street upon the ice, I only saw one individual upon the Garonne the other

day, although it is, I dare say, frozen a foot thick. It is ten years since the Garonne was frozen, and the same period since some of the Toulouse people saw snow. They have no idea of sliding or skating; and all look frightened as if the end of the world were come.

The winter is certainly a very unfavourable one for invalids in this climate, after such a November as we had, where almost every day was warm, and admitted of out-door exercise, it is somewhat trying to have a fog where the thermometer is never higher than twelve degrees below the freezing point; and, what is worse, is, that the wood-fires when blown, will rarely heat a French room above twenty degrees beyond the temperature of the external air. After walking to our new house on Monday, we found the room felt rather warm at 29° Fahrenheit, but when rising in the morning, we felt it very cold indeed.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1830.—Yesterday, Elizabeth, Duncan and I walked out for a short time to visit the shops, which we found filled with various articles for new year's gifts. In a music-shop saw various collections of romances, of which we purchased one for Marjory. It was very cheap. At Mr. Vieupeux's, the bookseller, found many handsomely bound books laid out in a back room, where several people were selecting their *étrennes*. There were several Annuals in the English style, handsomely

printed, and the engravings executed by English artists. These engravings have no letter, and, I rather suppose, are also published in the English works. We purchased the *Annales Romantiques*, 9½ francs stitched. The books appeared to be very dear in general. We next visited a confectioner's, and found by far the most customers there. The quantity of bonbons and preserves was amazing. The number consumed is, I hear, astonishing on this occasion. Jane tells me it is the custom in Paris for young men to present bonbons in every family where they are acquainted on New Year's Day, and that a considerable part of an income is frequently spent on such an occasion.

Speaking of Bayard, I may observe, that this history, Guyard de Berville's, is a very poor affair, without the slightest pretension to the epithet of "classique," which my bookseller gave it. Bayard is a character I had always admired, and I was anxious to know him more intimately, but he has not risen in my esteem. True, he was brave, generous, and faithful to his sovereign,—true, many of the blots in his character may be attributed to the bloody times in which he lived, but I had imagined Bayard superior to the influence of these times. I had imagined him the very soul of chivalry, and I find that he leads his enemies into ambuscade, by bribing spies whom he despises, and although he is clement to his

mounted adversaries, he rarely spares a single foot soldier who opposes him. His punctilio of honour too is a bloody one. I imagine there is far more true heroism in the modern British army, than in the character of Bayard. Even he is not exempt from the frivolity and cruelty of the Frenchman.

Bayard, however, is quite the model of the French soldiery, and although by no means perfect, he is certainly a good one. It is, however, not very creditable to the French nation, that this their first soldier of his time, should have died grey in the service, a simple captain. The envy of his comrades prevented his advancement.

We have all as usual made many good resolutions for the (ensuing) present year.

To day, Duncan and I were again out, but saw nothing particularly worth remarking. The great cold still continues, and the streets are much frozen. We observed a singular beggar to day, a woman who flirted a fan, and wore a silk bonnet, white. Her dress was by no means calculated for the season, but she wished every passenger a happy new year, while she asked for alms with the grace of a ball room.

Among my many good resolutions for the spring, which I intend to execute before leaving Toulouse, I purpose

1. To go through the *Grammaire des Grammaires*.
2. Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*.

3. D'Alembert's analysis, which I began to day to translate into English, (done 23d January) and which I mean to retranslate into French as an exercise.

4. Anquetil's History of France, down to Louis XIV.

5. Voltaire's age of Louis XIV. and XV., which I require to reread.

6. To read a little German, Spanish, and Italian.

7. To write, for Jane, a short account and character of my dear mother. To be finished on 1st May, for Jane's birth day.

8. For Elizabeth, an account of our brother George, to be finished for her birth day, 5th May.

9. To pursue my analysis of French history, down to Louis XIV.

Such would be no bad four months' employment, and with the information we acquire from lighter reading, would give an excellent general acquaintance with France and her history. I am now well enough to employ myself several hours a-day, regularly.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1830.—The French are strange folks : I went into the reading room, and found it full of law students. In this cold weather it requires a good deal of warmth to be comfortable, and firing is dear, and I daresay these youths find it much cheaper to subscribe to a reading room, to have a place to study in, than to be at the expense of wood for the winter. I should have found it diffi-

cult enough, to attend to the Pandects or the Code Napoleon among such a crowd ; but, to be sure, although there is enough of going in and out, the room is very quiet. The French folks are fond of outward show and spectacles, and therefore they do not appreciate a comfortable home. A student *sleeps* in his room, but never dreams of eating, and scarcely of studying in it. He breakfasts by contract at an inn, and dines at a restaurateur's, or table d'hôte, according to his means, and he studies in the reading room. The poorer ones, I should suppose, take but one substantial meal a-day ; for among the baggage of a Bigorrean student who was coming to Toulouse, Dr. M. saw two or three great trunks full of chestnuts, as provision for winter.

The streets are impassable for carriages. To judge from the newspapers, the authorities appear to spare no expense or toil, to keep the streets clear, and to preserve the lives and legs of the inhabitants. We read that by order of M. Le Comte de Ressequier, Maire, &c. &c., the Garonne is immediately to be cut, the streets cleared of ice &c. &c., but the Garonne freezes more and more, and the streets are worse than ever. For coolness in summer, the fountains are allowed to dispense their favours in little gutters through all the streets. In winter, however, these streams are arrested in their course, and

flow and freeze, deeper and deeper. It would be a foolhardy affair to try to walk through the city in the evening at present. They may speak of the roads retarding the post, but even in the city it is impossible for the mail coach to approach the Post Office. The thermometer made a vigorous attempt to rise to 32° to day, and indeed *appeared* at 35° after sunshine, and at our window, but it is now again (9 o'clock) down to 27° , 5 degrees of frost.

We have been pretty busy yesterday and to-day. Duvivier's *Grammaire de Grammaires*, a very useful compilation, was our first reading. We then translated from the French, and like that exercise. I am engaged with D'Alembert's Analysis of Montesquieu's great work, Jane with some chapters of Voltaire's Louis XIV. and XV.; and Elizabeth with the *Grandeur des Romains*. We are taking Sir W. Jones' method, and mean to re-translate into French; and very well pleased we shall be to write the language as well as he did. It is an accomplishment I desire much. We then read Anquetil's somewhat dry History of France,—a useful one, however. The nicest reading we have (Jane and I) is the beautiful poem of Luise, by Vosz, which quite delights us with its virtuous simplicity and wise benevolence. What a charming and vivid picture is that *Fest im Walde*,—how much it recalls to my mind old homely Germany with its honest frank-

ness and kind hearts. The poem is doubly beautiful after the empty declamation and sneering ridicule of many of the French writers.

Sunday, Jan. 10.—Finished our first week's diary last night. We have had much satisfaction in our employments with each other, which have, however, not been so many or so long as is desirable. Our hour of rising is very late. We have enjoyed Luise more than any thing else, but are, besides, doing a good deal in French History, &c. How much pleasure there is in a few regular employments. It has thawed a little to-day, and I hope we may soon have some good weather, for we all need exercise not a little.

Monday, Jan. 11.—Frost and snow again. This is a tremendous winter for these climates. The Aude in the neighbouring department is frozen,—a thing not remembered to have happened before.

What queer accounts one gets of travelling into Spain here. A mercantile man whom I asked on Saturday about the facilities of travelling, strongly dissuades me. He says, that one is in every inn *couvert de poux*, and robbed, and even fired at between every station. I have no doubt my man knew nothing about it, and I have a great mind to try a walk to Barcelona in spring to see about it. I have been reading Estevanille Gonzalez, which, with Gil Blas, so well describes the manner of travelling in that country two hundred years ago, and I

suppose it is but little altered yet. Le Sage is an excellent novelist, although ridicule is rather his exclusive forte.

A Restaurateur here advertises in to-day's paper, dinners for students, "Il donnera des cachets a 1 franc. Le diner se composera ainsi qu'il suit. Potage bœuf, deux plats et un dessert au choix, pain, et un demi-bouteille de vin." Cheap living.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.—A long letter from home this morning, which I answered immediately. I shall be delighted to be at Heidelberg next winter among the good Germans. Really the future looks not unfavourably.

I have spoken of the magnificent appearance of the Pyrenees from the bridge of Toulouse. We have often admired the sublimity of this natural rampart, extending from sea to sea, built, as it were, by the master of nature as a safeguard of peace between two mighty nations. What a theme for poetry is such a scene, rich in romantic story, tradition, and truth.

1.

A shepherd of the Pyrenees,

A mountain lay was singing,

Where, from its caves, the broad Garonne,

A river full, was springing.

2.

He heard within the wondrous source,
So full and darkly streaming,
The murmurs of the new-born waves,
And saw their first bright gleaming.

3.

Around him grew the ancient trees,
A pathless forest shewing ;
Above him rise the snowy peaks
In the red sunset glowing.

4.

Forth from the forest glares the wolf,—
Above, the eagle hovers ;
And from its caves the fountain clear
A maiden fair discovers.

5.

And, mingled with the stream, the voice
Of nature's bright-eyed daughter—
How long ! how long, shall blood disturb
The river's limpid water ?
Red wolf ! fell eagle ! yet again
I call you to the slaughter !

6.

These mountains were a wall of peace,
Of nature's mightiest building ;
This stream a cup of innocence
To all its waters yielding.

7.

Ambition leads, and impious war
Profanes the snow-clad mountain,
And human glory, blood, and crime,
Pollute the sacred fountain.
They fought a tyrant to dethrone,
They drove his slaves before them.
Be sacred their remains, and strown
*The spring's first green leaves o'er them.**

8.

Red wolf, which glarest in the shade,
Fierce eagle proudly soaring,
For your repast it is that man
His brother's blood is pouring.

9.

First, far within the night of time,
The Carthaginian rose !

* Detached Verse in pencil.

'Gainst hatred sworn, what hindrances
 Could rocks and streams oppose ?—
Dark elephants from Zaura's waste,
 Trode Pyrenean snows.

10.

The sounds of war, the sounds of woe,
 Peal through the lonely valleys ;
And host on host, with gleaming swords,
 Attacks, and yields, and rallies.

11.

For thee, red wolf, was shed the blood
 Of Spaniard, Gaul, and Roman ;—
For thee, fierce eagle, bleach the bones
 Of each unyielding foeman.

12.

'Gainst fair Iberia the swords
 Of Goth and Vandal glance ;
The Saracen his sabre draws
 Against the hosts of France ;
Against the Infidel the Frank
 Doth proudly couch his lance.

13.

Red wolf, which glarest in the shade,
Fierce eagle proudly soaring,
For your repast it is that man
His brother's blood is pouring.

Wednesday, 13th January.—I have been endeavouring to finish the lines I began yesterday, but feel a difficulty in concluding. Jane heard from Mrs. Brodie to-day.

What a blessing is health, and how much one feels this when recovering from a long languishing illness! If Jane were but as well as I now am, with what delight would I look forward to the ensuing summer, when I hope to enjoy the scenes of the Pyrenees and Alps with a pleasure superior to any I have yet derived from scenery. Our toilsome journeys will always have some longed for end in view, an end which will not disappoint us. When walking, our conversation and kind offices will lighten the fatigue to each other; we will greet the peasants and travellers we meet, and be all ear to the traditions and superstitions of the country; we will taste of the fruit of every tree and drink of every fountain, resting our limbs by its brink; we will laugh at the misfortunes of weather and others which assail us, and enjoy doubly the returning warmth of sunshine; our journals will grow under our hands with recollections of the countries

we pass through and sketches of the wild and picturesque. Travelling has its future, present, and past enjoyments, the anticipation, probably, not the least of them ; to me it is most pleasing to read of the countries we intend to traverse, to calculate distances, and plan the most agreeable routes ; scarcely a day passes but I consult the maps and authorities, and find something else to see and admire. Last summer, how much reason had I to regret my weakness among the beauties of the lake scenery of Cumberland, and how much more shall I enjoy my strength of body and glad tone of mind in the mountain valleys of the continent.

Thursday, January 21.—A funeral service for Louis XVI. to-day, being the anniversary of his murder. None of us went. His will was read.

Sunday, 31st January.—Began to read something of Gondelin, the Toulouse poet, yesterday. I see my master, although he professes to be acquainted with the dialect, knows little about it, but he has not the candour to say so. He is not particularly fortunate, either, in his corrections of my French exercises, for he sometimes quarrels with a phrase of Voltaire's of which he has no idea, for he seems to think the battle of Fontenoy is an English piece altogether. I must not keep him beyond his month.

Monday, 1st February, 1830.—Walked to-day up the

Garonne three miles. The cold is excessive, although the thermometer only marks 23 and 24, at our house it was $18\frac{1}{2}$ this morning, and there is at this temperature a breeze of wind which is ice itself; I was quite unable to oppose my face to the blast, and, I declare, I never felt cold so sensibly before. The Garonne has broken its dam above the town, and very little water runs in the navigable channel; this keeps up the price of wood. The sun was powerful to-day, but no match for the cold of the wind.

Friday, 5th February, 1830.—On Wednesday went to the Justice of Peace Court, where I was summoned at 10; told I might come back at 11 or $\frac{1}{2}$ past it; went back at 11, and told I might return at 12 or $\frac{1}{2}$ past it, as the Judge seldom took his seat before that time; went back at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, sadly plagued with rheumatism, which I unluckily took for toothache, so went to a dentist's opposite and had a tooth drawn: of course, I was any thing but relieved; however, I came back to the Court and waited until my cause came on; no adversary appeared, so I came home, nothing having been done. The business appeared tolerably managed, but it is shameful that people should be cited so much before their time. Tormented all evening with rheumatism, which was very bad, but fortunately it abated towards night, and allowed me

to sleep tolerably. Yesterday I was fit for nothing from the same cause, and to-day I have done little but write to Cambridge and home.

Tuesday, 9th February.—Walked with Duncan to-day three miles on the Narbonne road, and returned by the river, after crossing the heights, where we found dreadful roads. Had some conversation with a young gardener, who told me he was returning home to Montesquieu after an absence of three years. He had been with an uncle at Tormeins of the same trade. The youth is eighteen; he carried a certificate of his first Communion in his hand in a frame; it is a print of such a ceremony, and the letter is the certificate, so that the print gives the impression that it represents the communion of the particular individual. Of this he was very proud, and told me the priests did not give these things to every one, but to those who were well acquainted with their catechism. The youth carried on his back an immense bundle of flower roots, &c. He tells me his daily expenses in travelling are ten sous for his bed, which he considers very dear. Every thing is relative. He pays likewise five sous for a breakfast of bread and wine, and a like sum for supper; he never dines, so that a franc per day pays all. He manages from ten to fourteen leagues. Wages, from his account, are 25 sous with food, in his trade,—this is high for the prices of the

country,—and 20 sous for harvesters. The effects of the severe winter have been much felt; bread was, at Tormeins, five sous per pound.

Wednesday, 17th February.—To-day it has rained. It was pleasant to see the groupes of people enjoying the warm sunshine, and sitting writing and knitting in the open air. This has been a sad winter for the poor, who have suffered much. Duncan and I had a charming walk to the village of St. Martin de Touch, about three miles; it is a very prettily situated place indeed.

Saturday, 20th February, 1830.—In the evening Elizabeth went to a marriage feast with our servant Marguerite. The marriage party had been dancing from ten o'clock in the morning, and were to continue to do so for twenty-four hours.

Saturday, 27th February.—Our week has not been a very active one, after all. We have been somewhat interrupted, and I, perhaps, even more lazily inclined. The beauty of the weather has tempted Duncan and me to take several long walks. We had ten miles at least one day; we proceeded to Pouvonville, on the road to Vieille Toulouse; both of these places are situated on the heights of Pech David to the south. These heights are a branch of the Pyrenees, and sink into the level country about two miles from hence. They appear to consist of chalk and clay, and are broken into very

picturesque valleys and heights by the rains and streams. The Garonne has washed away a great deal to their west, and formed a very bare precipitous bank, from which there are very fine points of view. It is very delightful to leave the plain and tiresome straight French roads for the more English looking beauties of these heights, where the roads constantly wind, descending and ascending. Vineyards, villages, streams of clear water, cottages, and woods are on all sides, and, wherever there is a peep down a valley, the Garonne and the immense plain appears, with the Pyrenees in the distance.

The archbishop died on the 20th at night. His body lay in state all the week, with his old cheeks and lips bedizened with rouge. He was eighty-three years old, and has left the reputation of a proud, interested man, who was not beloved. His funeral took place to-day; the procession was fine, but much spoilt by the military. Why should a minister of peace be conducted to the tomb by soldiers and warlike music? The Archbishop, Cardinal, Duke, and Peer of France, &c., was laid out on a black pall, borne by priests. His face appeared to be suffering from decomposition, and the colours of his lips were daubed about his face. The only time I ever saw his Eminence before, was at the fête of St. Charles, in November last, when he walked out on his crutches from the cathedral. He must have been a fine looking man.

Besides the military, the foundlings, sisters of charity, seminaries, and priests attended ; the churchmen all bore lighted tapers and missals. This part of the procession was appropriate.

Elizabeth has been entering into the gaiety of Toulouse this week, she has been to a ball and an opera. The former was very crowded and stupid, the latter very good. It was Beaumarchais' Barbier de Séville. The Carnival ought to have ended on Tuesday ; however, Ash Wednesday was the only day that seemed *consecrated* to gaiety. The French here steal a few days from the austerities of Lent. On Wednesday, numbers of masks paraded the *cours dillere* ; they were very puerile and stupid, but it was a gay scene enough. As we returned, we had the pleasure of meeting the devil, who was amusing the crowd with a pair of carrots for horns ; he was treated, however, in an appropriate manner, by so very religious a city as Toulouse, for they did not lose the opportunity of arresting his satanic majesty, who suffered himself to be escorted by some soldiers to the watch-house.

Friday, March 12.—I have had to-day some farther experience of the French Justice of Peace Courts. When I took these rooms I now occupy, I agreed to retain them for more than one month, paying eighty francs per month. As I was aware that advantages might be taken, I gave

notice I should leave the apartments on 28th instant, when I paid my rent on the 2d. My landlord was not in, so I paid to his son; but on my attempting to pay him the last month, a few days ago, he refused it, saying, I must pay up to 28th April. This I told him I would certainly not do, as I had given him the proper notice. On this he answered, with a French grin, and insolent grimaces, "Ah, monsieur, il y a des lois en France pour tout le monde." Say you so, thought I; so I walked down to a *juge de paix*, who put a *billet d'Invitation* into my hands, and appeared to-day to tell my story. My adversary did not appear, and the *juge* seemed to enter warmly into my case. The *huissier* desired me to call, but he having met my landlord in the mean time, told me in the afternoon, that he thought I might settle amicably with him, as the *juge* had spoken to him. However, my miserly fellow would not hear of settling, and flew into a great rage with me; so I left him, and walked down to the *huissier* again, who began to draw out an *acte d'offre*; but my old fox came down when he saw my perseverance, and accepted the rent I had first offered him. He declared to me before, "qu'il mangeroit tout son bien plutôt que de ceder," and I dare say he will trouble us about breakages when we leave, but I am very well pleased with having successfully resisted this imposition. In such cases promptitude is indispensable.

Had I delayed learning my landlord's views and settling until going, I must either have paid his demands or remained in an inn here for some days to resist them. But a distinct written agreement is the best thing of all. I was much pleased with the judge in various cases I saw before my own came on. There was impartiality, and a great desire to conciliate.

Saturday, March 13.—A delightful walk to Old Toulouse, and home ; found no remains of antiquities, saving an earthen mount, shapen like a half pyramid, and the top being hollowed a few feet. The top might be about 40 or 50 feet long, by 30 broad. It is situate on the highest ground the neighbourhood affords, and was, no doubt, a place of refuge and defence in attacks. The pyramid is raised about 30 feet above the ground, and has besides a protecting dry ditch. One of the objects of our walk was not attained, which was to have a distinct view of the Pyrenees, which, had they been visible, we should have had from this old strength. A number of antiquities have been found at Old Toulouse, and Duncan and I tried our eyes looking for coins. Remains of vases or urns there were enough to have contained the ashes of the whole Gallic nation, but we had no taste for tiles.

Saw to-day, in leaf, a few sprigs of hawthorn, wild rose, elder lilac, and weeping willow, peach and cherry in flower, but not in leaf. They call this a backward

season, and indeed it is not so early, as it ought to be at the latitude of $43\frac{1}{2}$.

Wednesday, March 17.—Have been enquiring all this week about carriages, &c., for Paris. I cannot find a carriage to hire, and don't like the thought of buying one; and in France, one cannot travel post without having a carriage, as there are none kept by the postmasters. We are, therefore, thinking of travelling by diligences. Our number would just fill a *coupé* or chaise part of the dilly, and we should thus be independent of the politeness or brutality of fellow travellers. Jane's health does not admit of long journeys, and therefore we shall frequently rest, which there are facilities for doing, as, besides the regular diligences, there are many subsidiary ones between the principal towns.

Purchased a few books to-day, which belonged to the Bishop of Mirepoux, near this. They are Montaigne's Essays, Dacier's Horace, Machiavell's Florence, Commines' Memoires, and Rollin's *Traité des Etudes*; besides, there are five volumes of the Elzevir Cicero, a beautiful copy. If I can find the other five, as I have some expectation of doing, at Paris, the edition will have cost me very little. Strong rumours of the dissolution of the French Chambers to-day.

Sunday, March 21.—Just a year to-day since my dear mother died. That event completely broke my boyish ties,

and I felt myself a man, and a sad one. With her went away all the gentle spirit and nature that surrounded her, and we became all more people of the world. We were better when watching about her quiet holy sick-bed, than we have been since when more in society. She, and Melville, and childhood, are all gone. We read to-night the 14th chapter of St. John, her favourite chapter, and spoke of her.

We left Toulouse for England on the 26th March, 1830; the weather was already oppressively hot, and every thing bursting into leaf. The willows, poplars, and earlier trees, were just out, and the vine was just beginning to bud.

We had resided above five months in Toulouse, I had recovered health, but we had made no friends, and we had had some trials, so we left the place without one regret, and with great pleasure.

The following extracts from letters written during the journey to Toulouse, and residence there, are inserted, notwithstanding occasional recapitulation.

TO HIS SISTER M.

DUBLIN, *29th September*, 1829.

We have had a disagreeable enough passage of 27 hours, and have enjoyed our landing the more. The gaiety and good-humour of the people is very striking; the hosts of cars drawn by little punch horses, and filled with people of all classes and denominations on the Kingston road, are uncommonly gay. To be sure you see pasted on a wall or two "Murder," and "£200 Reward!" but a few murders don't at all interrupt the general gaiety. We anticipate a charming dinner by and by, after a short walk; the day is very fine, and the chief drawback to our pleasure is, that we must sail to-morrow morning. Were every day like this, I should like to winter here amazingly; for four days of sickness by steam is not a pleasant prospect.

TO H. M'C.TOULOUSE, *14th November*, 1829.

In French towns there are many conveniences; thus, for paying 5d. a month, the girls have copies of any Study they

like from the School of Arts here. I hope during the winter they will both draw some good heads, to take home as proofs of their industry. Duncan is occupied in drawing maps ; he has finished one of France, with its rivers, and is now doing the Pyrenees. This last is to be our travelling companion there next spring, and is on a great scale. Our other occupations are reading an immense French grammar, which is very improving,—leading us into all the minutiae of the language. In history, we are reading the life of Bayard, which we have almost finished ; and, after we have done so, we mean to read a complete history of France. Bayard is a most noble character,—the last of the knights who were guided by sentiments of honour, without seeking personal aggrandizement. His kindness of heart is much shown, and his generosity is quite splendid. You should read of him when you can pick up the book. He is a character to unite with Robert Bruce and the Black Prince.

We feel the sun quite delightful at this season, and spend always several hours in walking about mid-day. Sometimes the heat is rather oppressive, but in general it is charming. A very clear atmosphere we almost always have, and the Pyrenees are seldom invisible, although from 60 to 120 miles off. They form a magnificent horizon from S. E. to S. W., being finely pointed, and always covered with snow. The river here is beau-

tiful, of a fine transparent sea-green, and very wide and rapid. We walk frequently several miles by its banks.

TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

TOULOUSE, 19th December, 1829.

* * * We see very little company here, but as much as we are inclined for. The clergyman of the church is an evangelical man, and a very pleasing one. He knows the name of Chalmers well, and is personally acquainted with Wilberforce, the Macaulays, &c. England is looked to as the stronghold of Protestantism by the French Protestants. An amazing change has taken place, M. Chabrand informs me, in the clergy here. Twenty years ago, it was a common thing to see Voltaire and Rousseau in the library of a young preacher, and not a bible ; but great attention has been awakened to religion. There are about 400 Protestants in Toulouse. The Catholics of this part of France are very bigoted, but they do not appear to me so devout as those of the Netherlands. The Archbishop here is a Cardinal of the house of Clermont Tonnere, quite a leading man. The tone of society in Toulouse, from what I can learn, is

very aristocratic. There are many of the *ancienne noblesse*, and this is not a place of such commercial importance as to raise the mercantile class near the level of the nobles. The English are well used. The Préfêt Baron de Martroy has a *soirée* every Monday. The General, Viscomte Barbot, (this is the chief place of a *division militaire*) every Wednesday. To these *soirées* all the *bon ton* of the City have access. There is here also a school of artillery, over which General Ricci presides. These are the leading men, but there are likewise many private families of nobles. We do not intend to honour any of these *soirées*, and our society consists of two Irish families, who came over with us, the Fortescues and Kellys, and the Courtois, Irish Protestant bankers here, of whom there are an immense number, Elizabeth says ninety-five. Madame Courtois is an old lady, daughter of the late Bishop of London, and her sons are thus half English. They all speak it tolerably. They come sometimes to sit with us in the evening, and are very pleasant. We have never had more than three in the house at once.

* * * * *

I have heard from John Menzies since he reached Montpellier, and wrote him on receipt of your letter. I suppose he will not remain long there, as he seems to

think there are not many facilities for the subject of his study. He was quite uncertain about his future motions, as we had quite taught him the art of making plans while here. We have made about twenty for going home and seeing the Pyrenees. Will you join us by the first boat to make the tour? I am now quite up to the geography and the manner of travelling. It is a far cheaper country than Switzerland to travel in; and a month's walking would give us time for all the wonders both on the French and Spanish side. The Pyrenees merit attention, they reach the height of 11,500 feet, and their mountain wonders are far more accessible than those of the Alps. A cascade of 1200 French feet is to be seen on the French side, as also some small wild lakes, fifty hot-springs, and many beautiful forests and cultivated valleys. Inns are plentiful. On the Spanish side is to be seen the Republic of Andorre, independent of France or Spain; the famous Montserrat; the Vale of Roncesvalles, &c. The source of the Garonne is one of the greatest curiosities. It rises at the head of a forest valley, near a hospice of monks, at the foot of the highest of the Pyrenees, Maladetta. It rises a large river, and perfectly transparent. Its size is such, that it is used for floating down the wood of the Spanish forests into France. I am afraid, however, that you won't be able to come to see these wonders, and to return by the Rhone and

Auvergne to Paris. Father writes, that he does not mean to come either ; so, I presume, we must journey alone.

* * * * * *

We have now terribly cold weather, and snow four inches deep. The thermometer this morning was down to 9 Fahrenheit. The Garonne is frozen over the first time these ten years ; and the Toulouse bairns are looking about in perfect astonishment at the white sugar in the streets. It is really a tremendous winter, and makes us burn an amazing quantity of wood. It is sad weather for poor G—— V—— travelling south. I was sorry to hear such an account of him. I wish B—— J—— had tried a southern climate, for, notwithstanding its inconveniences, and want of comfort in some respects, two such months as October and November were here, would have brought any person round. Such serenity of sunshine, and calmness of atmosphere were truly delightful.

* * * * * *

Pray remember me to Adam Ramage, and the “terrible man John Tod, John Tod,” as well as S—— G——. There is a paper-mill somewhere in this neighbourhood, which I must ferret out and examine.

TO HIS FATHER.

TOULOUSE, *7th February*, 1830.

I have a great deal to say on the subject of our winter plan.* At Rome or Florence, education is limited; a History of England is a prohibited book. However, they are both admirable places for studying the classics and arts, and possess a most superior society. An Italian education would be a far more showy one, and much more popular in England, but it is one more calculated for young men of rank, and for artists. A far more general information, a knowledge more free and liberal, and equally exact, is to be obtained in Germany. There education is absolutely free from prejudice or restraint. The country enjoys every form of religion and government, from the balancing and friendly collision of which result an uncommon freedom, and a calm examination of their principles. In Italy £200 or £300 per annum, and I will send you home accomplished and well-mannered gentlemen. In Germany, half the sum will suffice, and will produce men, not so showy, but with more valuable acquirements, and at home on all subjects.

* Referring to a plan for the education of young men abroad.

TO HIS FATHER.

TOULOUSE, 13th February 1830.

I have not been idle with French during the winter, I have almost finished retranslating Voltaire's *Battle of Fontenoy* into French. This has been a severe test for my master, whom I have found a very second-rate scholar, on comparing him with Voltaire, and tormenting him with the reasons of his corrections, which are often the reverse of improvements. I shall pack him off at the end of next week, for I find Jane a much better master. I have almost mastered the absurd French versification—have read carefully four of Corneille's tragedies, &c. &c. Whenever Jane is a little stronger, I shall be yet busier, for I can study several hours a-day with pleasure. Duncan goes on remarkably well. I have beat Pascal, who has only got his money for his two months. He cited me to the Justice of Peace Court, an establishment borrowed from us. I went at 10, as cited, the judge took his seat at half-past 12, and my case came on at two. Pascal never appeared, conscious of his bad cause. I took no advice, but having had a rehearsal of my story at home, I made a fair speech, and have had no more trouble, and I shan't give the scoundrel another penny.

TO A. M.

TOULOUSE, RUE MAGE, No. 4.

28th February 1830.

My Dear A——, A number of things have conspired within a short time to reproach me with not writing to you ; but yesterday, an event took place of so singular a nature, that I cannot forbear asking your opinion of it. Our old Archbishop here, died a week ago, and was yesterday interred with great splendour. An immense procession of priests, sisters of charity, and soldiers, passed our window. First came a military band, then the *enfants trouvés*, girls and boys, dressed in blue ; next, some hundred of these interesting and respectable nuns, the *sœurs de la charité* ; then, seven or eight hundred priests, clothed in white surplices, and each bearing in his hand a lighted taper, and a breviary ; next, the Cardinal Archbishop, Anne Antony de Clermont Tonnere, Duke and Peer of France, &c., laid out on a black pall, in his robes,—his cheeks and lips daubed over with rouge, which did not, however, prevent death looking through. His Cardinal's hat was laid across him. After the Archbishop were a throng of shaven monks, and then the military. Among the latter, we distinguished a very handsome tall figure, in a cocked hat, with blue uniform, and drawn sword, which reminded us of some Scotch

friend. He advanced gravely and mournfully, and when under our windows, looked slowly up. We all drew our breaths quickly, and exclaimed, "A—— M——!" Yes, A——, he had the same blue eyes, auburn hair, and philosophic physiognomy.

Now, pray, were you yesterday in Toulouse or not? This is not all; you re-appeared in my dreams, and abused me for not writing; and, when I awoke, my first thought was, your grave phiz still in my mind, that it was your worship's birth-day, of which I wish many returns. I suppose you have, however, heard of my much improved health, and plans for remaining some considerable time on the continent. I am aware of the necessity of it, and I do not find but that I shall put up with it pretty well. I still feel that an awkward stoop, or any violent motion, such as a dance, even for a minute, immediately warms my right side, and excites my sleeping cough. Without a wife to watch me constantly, I do not think I should have recovered; but, as it is, I grow sage, and steady apace. I have adhered strictly to my resolution of never going out of an evening, and during my walks, I have never over-fatigued myself. Indeed, I can bear much quiet exercise.

At Florence, or where else I may reside, I shall not likely have any so mad friends as the sage Hive, or serenading Enterprian Society, whom I would, however,

gladly see again ; and I shall likely become more and more a family man. Having the boys with me, will almost persuade me I am in Edinburgh ; and besides letters, I trust I shall sometimes have a visit from my Scotch friends, among whom you will be especially welcome ; I shall always be looking forward, too, for I am sanguine enough, to the time when I shall return from my banishment. What think you of my plan ? I hope you will use your influence to pick me up teachable young men. By the bye, I must have your whole numerous progeny, should I be so long abroad, if you are not afraid of my making them as great ne'er-do-weels as myself. I have been attempting, for a long time, to write French like a native—by the way, many of them write it miserably. As for speaking it here, one runs a great risk of learning a proscribed accentuation, one of the worst in France. The forty academicians of Paris, who *ont l'esprit comme quatre*, are the ruling powers, far more despotic than Johnson's dictionary. The unfortunate writer, who uses a word, old or new, not approved of by these worthies, is most roughly handled ; and a provincial accent is worse accounted of than a bad character. In France, Paris is every thing, they have no Edinburgh, no Liverpool, no Glasgow. My French master was petrified the other day, when I informed him that Sir Walter Scott did not live in London ; he could not understand

how an author of eminence could possibly reside in the country. That his works are not published in London created still greater surprise. If you go into a shop here, and ask for any thing that is not kept, “*Vous ne trouverez cela qu’à Paris ;*” and if you complain of any thing, “*C’est beaucoup mieux à Paris.*” Paris is in every body’s mouth. Before the revolution, such towns as Toulouse, being chief places of provinces, and seats of government, were of far greater importance. This place had its parliament, separate university, some sixty churches, convents, &c. and a great population ; but the levelling system of the departments has sadly reduced this city. Half its churches are occupied as barracks and military stores, much of it ruinous, and the population much decayed, while Paris, by appropriating to itself the whole government of the nation, has risen immensely. Edinburgh would have the same fate as Toulouse, were it reduced to the chief place of the county, instead of the capital of Scotland, and the residence of the Writers to his Majesty’s Signet. I congratulate you on having entered into so illustrious a body.

I sometimes look into the French codes, for I have earned a kind of predilection for law, but it will be long ere I read Erskine again, I dare say. There is one admirable French writer on universal law, Montesquieu, whose correct productions I often peruse.

TOULOUSE, 13th March, 1830.

I have certainly benefited in health very much by passing the winter here, but I have not learned to like France. It is true, the nature of the country and people ought not to have much effect in our own circle, and neither it has, for, within doors, we have been as comfortable as we could wish ; but we have felt a good deal the absence of pleasing society, and, still more, the prevalence of dishonesty and false politeness ; our letters from our friends in England have been our greatest pleasure, and, being so, we know what we lose in not enjoying their conversation and company. We have seen very little indeed of the French, nor have we any wish to see more ; they do not appear to have any idea of domestic life, and their amusements are all of a gay, frivolous, and heartless kind. Of course, I only speak of the French in this district. I have found the peasantry rather more interesting ; although very ignorant, they are a happy kind of people, and delighted to converse with strangers ; on religious topics they are quite submissive to the priesthood.

TO HIS SISTER MARJORY.

PARIS, 14th April, 1830.

I have just come in from a reading-room opposite, where I have been reading the Lord Advocate's speech about the Court of Session in the Scotsman of 7th April ; this shews we are a good deal nearer home now. We are very much amused with Paris, and live very moderately. Our rooms cost us 42 francs a-week, and we breakfast in our hotel likewise, but we dined yesterday at a restaurateur's, and shall continue to do so, as it renovates one's strength after walking, and we can thus dine at any part of the town we like, and at any hour. The gardens and walks here are delightful, and the buildings splendid, but the air and the countenance of the people does not please me, for they look terribly pleasure-hunting and dissipated ; it is but a painful kind of gaiety to see the coffee-houses crowded with young men in the evening, drinking, smoking, and playing, and one wishes they had some more domestic and pleasing occupation ; but the Parisians are, very many of them, bachelors, and have no idea of pleasure but what the endless number of their theatres and public amusements affords.

TO A. M.

PARIS, 17th April, 1830.

We have been here some days, and are living a wonderfully sober, quiet life for this dissipated city. I am just opposite Galignani's reading-room, and have the pleasure of seeing Blackwood, the Courant, and Scotsman there, so I feel almost at home. What says the fraternity to the Lord Advocate's bill? I am disposed to think the cheapening of law proceedings beneficial, and the doing away with infestments an improvement, but, I suppose, little will be carried through in these matters. By the way, the French judicial system is about the most expensive and clumsy in the world, although, like every thing else here, of the most novel fashion.

We have, of course, been to see the Galleries, Tuilleries, and other drolleries, but we have been at no theatres or nocturnal amusements. I never saw a city with such a pleasure-hunting appearance as this, with such mobs of gazers and idlers, among whom I am, of course, a bird of a feather.

We saw a very fine review of some 15,000 household troops on Thursday, and poor Charles X. and his family ;

they were very coldly received, and are, I dare say, not very comfortably established in the affections of the people yet. The field was the Champ de Mars, the same where the same French nation have sworn allegiance to emperor, king, and commonwealth, some dozen times within the last forty years. The Chamber of Deputies is to be dissolved, we hear, and a new one convoked, but things appear very peaceable ; there is enough for the people to eat, and the theatres are open. The people are a good deal like the mob of Coriolanus.

We see an amazing number of English in Paris, and, indeed, they are an important part of the population, when one considers that their advertisements keep up a well-managed English paper, and their letters require a separate office at the post.—We live cheaply, dining for twenty pence a day at a restaurateur's, which are so numerous that we could change our host every day for about ten years. Our greatest luxury has been a bottle of porter, which, coming from the south, we prefer to all the thin bacchic potations of France. We shall be here until about the 1st of May, and then see England. The only place I should fancy to reside in in France is Orleans, a quiet, sober, respectable place, possessing little gaiety and much excellent society, but it is not favoured by English, because the people there make no show, and go to no expense. The English at Tours are

notorious for outvying each other, and, as in most foreign places, are split into exclusive parties. Their quarrels are very miserable, and very bitter; the French laugh at their enmities, and, I dare say, pluck both sides alike. We have to see Versailles, Sevres, &c. and I have some idea of seeing a French play or two, provided the weather is warm, and I be as free from all cough and pain as now.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

We travelled post. The French system is a little complex, but, when understood, is excellent; one can calculate his expenses to a nicety, and the progress, for France, is rapid. We hired a carriage for the journey, which cost us 150 francs, or £6, to Paris, and we had twenty days allowed us. Our carriage was a *dormeuse*, and quite adapted for travelling; we stored it with a few books, a bottle of wine, and another of water, some cold fowl, bread, &c. and a few knives and forks; these articles saved us many an expensive dinner. We had our post-book and a pre-calculated note of posting charges always at hand, and had a plentiful supply of small money, which saved us much time at paying.

26th March.—Left Toulouse, slept at Agen.

27th.—Left Agen at 6, slept at Bordeaux.

28th, Sunday.—Rested at Bordeaux.

29th.—Slept at Angoulême.

30th.—Went down to Cognac, where remained until 7th April.

7th April.—Dined at Saintes, went through St. Jean d'Angely and Niort to Poitiers, where breakfasted next day, and slept between 8th and 9th at Tours.

9th.—Slept at Orleans, where remained until 12th.

12th.—Reached Paris, Hôtel Boston, Rue Vivienne.

26th.—Left Paris per Diligence, travelled all night, and slept between 27th and 28th at Calais.

28th.—Reached London.

29th.—Reached Cambridge.

29th May.—Left Cambridge, slept at Stamford.

30th.—Sunday at Leicester.

31st.—To Derby, where remained till 3d June, I think.

3d June.—To Liverpool.

8th.—Slept at Kendal.

9th.—Through Ambleside, Keswick, and Penrith, to Carlisle.

10th.—To Gretna.

11th.—Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Arroquhar, where remained.

LIST OF BOOKS READ 1830.

Entered when finished, (From Journal kept at Toulouse.)

Jan. 11. Estévanille Gonzalez, by Lesage—Not equal to Gil Blas, but not unworthy of its author—spirited and witty. Lesage is most powerful in ridiculing human foibles, not in describing virtues or great characters. He laughs at human nature, clothes it gaily, but imparts no redeeming principle.

Jan. 11. Duval Alex: Vol. 6. Les Tapisseries. An original and smart little piece, well adapted for private theatricals. Some good witticisms of Madame de Genlis in the preface. Les Suspects, witty.

Jan. 18. Ditto. Several pieces. Charles II., clever and spirited. An instructive writer. His prefaces have a tone of good sense, rarely found in French authors. His criticism for the most part, sound.

Jan. 18. Jouy. Hermite de la chaussée d'Antin. Amusing. A vivid picture of Paris. It wants dignity and purity of sentiment, like the French character—Somewhat servile in politics. Some pleasing writing, and will no doubt be a valuable book on the French manners, in the reign of Napoleon.

Jan. 20. Segur's Memoirs. M. de Segur is quite a Frenchman, but a good humoured, and agreeable one.

His memoirs owe more to the interest of their period, than to the talent of the writer, or his character. His American sketch is poor and trivial—His Russian residence much more satisfactory—His politics are remarkable, he is always envying, and always abusing England. We always hear of the “*treize grandes provinces*” which M. de Segur informs us France “*enleva*” aux Anglais, and of the “*mélancolique*” of the poor British Ambassador. What a miserable part France appears to have acted in diplomacy, previous to the Revolution. *Au reste* there is in this book much amusing anecdote, and some well drawn portraits.

Jan. 20. Ch. P. de Kock. Soeur Anne, 4 vols. Paris, 1825. It is not often I read novels. This was put into my hand by my Bookseller, with the remark “*c’est qu’on lit le plus.*” I find it tolerably loose, and tolerably witty. The author paints well the worthless gaiety of the French character, together with its sentimental want of principle. Young Montreville is in France an interesting rêveur, in England he would be a villanous seducer. The graver part of this book contains much beautiful writing and description. The unfortunate Dutch girl, is affecting. What a vivid contrast between these pathetic scenes, and those others which are imitated from Smollett. Constance is a fine character.

Jan. 25. J. H. Vosz. Luise, reread. I have spoken

of this delightful poem in my journal. It is perfect. It has afforded Jane and me the truest pleasure, and we are sorry enough we have got through it.

Jan. 27. Aug. La Fontaine. Several novels. Les Huis-sards. Half of it is excellent, his novels please me much more in their native German.

Feb. 5. Corneille. Cinna, Les Horaces, Rodrigue. I am on the whole much disappointed with French tragedy. There is certainly much power and sublimity, but it has an air of invariable stiffness and study. I can frequently give admiration, never tears. Corneille speaks to the ears and eyes, never to the heart. Perhaps an Englishman must always be a prejudiced, or at least a partial critic of productions, so foreign to his tastes and country, but still can any one say he has ever drunk from Corneille's muse, that sublime wisdom, and unvarnished truth, that Shakspeare and Schiller, so majestically unfold. No! at most, Corneille dresses in spirited verse, the ideas of others of his prototypes. A poverty of sentiment is concealed, by sounding words, and stiff Alexandrines. It is no wonder that the French actors rant. These fadeurs "*of beaux yeux and beaux feux, and tigres altérés de sang,*" require it. Corneille destroys every thing by emphasis, and common place. There is no keeping, no calm subdued dignity, no true pathos.

Feb. 9. Villemain. Eloge de Montesquieu appeared

to me to sound well, to be fine and well written, and the notes learned and interesting, but I have entirely forgotten its spirit. Either my memory is villanous, or this work (quotations excepted) is very inferior in sense, to sound.

Feb. 24. Molière. *Misanthrope*, *Femmes Savantes*, &c. &c. I have read and reread almost all the productions of this author, and am charmed with him. So lively a picture of fashionable life and foibles, so exquisite a sense of ridicule, I have never almost seen. Infinitely superior to the tragedians are the comedies of Molière.

March 18. *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, October last, *Blackwood's Magazine*, &c. &c. What a treat it has been to us, to read some right sensible English again. What reason we have to be proud of our language, and country. After the empty menace, and unintelligible bombast of French politics, with what pleasure we can go through a sound, well-meaning, honest article in *either* of our leading Reviews.

The months of June and July (1830) were spent at Arrochar on Loch Long, where, reunited to his

family and friends, he had much enjoyment, and was in regard to his own health, free of any cause of anxiety. But a new source of apprehension had arisen, and was gradually forcing itself upon the minds of his friends, (though he long struggled against its admission) in the state of his wife's health; indications of the illness, which in the end proved fatal, having for some time been betrayed. They in consequence removed to Edinburgh in the beginning of August, and subsequently went to Germany.

The following letter gives his impressions, on revisiting the scenes of his infancy and youth, at this time.

TO H. M.

MORAY HOUSE, 13th *July*, 1830.

You can scarcely think how strange I feel on revisiting Edinburgh. I feel so disunited from it now, since I am again to go abroad, and I pass by, as an idle man, the former scenes where I used to be so much occupied. I have had great pleasure, however, in seeing so many of my old friends, and especially in a visit to Penicuik on Sunday: I walked with emotion to the graves, which become peopled as we die, and looked at the fresh grass

and turf, which covers the four departed ; plants and flowers, and trees around, are rich in the luxuriance of summer, while the immortal seed sown deeper in the ground, still sleeps waiting, waiting for the final and eternal spring. Who is it that says so beautifully, that when we look on the far blue heavens, and green earth, the latter appears a crust of vanities, which divides man from the secrets of the tomb, and which separates the tenants of the grave from their future habitation in the skies ?

These are not the exact words, perhaps. And how is it that I, whose mother and brother were there slumbering, (and such a mother, and brother !) that I could have found happiness, exceeding the first happiness, in other friends and ties ? It indeed appears rational that we should do so, when we believe we are to meet again all former friends, and consider them only to have gone to another abode, where we shall join them, but I fear the memory of them is too apt to decay, and it may be from that, (a far less pleasing reason) that we take much interest in new attachments. However, He that hath endowed human nature with such greatness, and such weakness, hath best known what is good for us.

On 17th September 1830, the subject of these memoirs, and his wife, bade a last adieu to his native land. They were accompanied by his three younger brothers, and were joined at Rotterdam, by Mrs. Cowan's mother, Mrs. Thompson, and her old and faithful French servant, Josephine.

The following letters are so full of particulars, as to render any further preface unnecessary.

TO HIS SISTER MARJORY.

ROTTERDAM, GRAND HOTEL D' ANGLETERRE,

27th September, 1830.

We have had a most tedious, and boisterous passage, and Jane has suffered, not more however than was to be expected, and is again pretty well. We left Holy Island on Wednesday morning, with a fine wind, and got on well, but Thursday was a terrible southerly gale, and was spent by us, in beating about the coast of Yorkshire, heartily nauseated. Friday fine again; on Friday evening made Yarmouth, and left with expiring day-light, and a good northerly breeze for Holland. On Saturday morning however, when we arose, we found a tremendous gale, and the coast is so very low, that it is dangerous to approach it except in smooth water, so we beat off to the northward, and tacked back again on Saturday. During

that night, the gale still continuing, (the waves beating over and over the deck) we again beat off. On Sunday (yesterday) it moderated, and we made sail with an auspicious breeze, for Holland. We had by this time quite lost our reckoning, and imagining ourselves not very far from the coast, we were all busy looking for land, and continued expecting it for many hours, ere we saw it. All our endeavours did not bring us into the river last night, and we had the mortification to see the *Bata-vier* with Mr. Thompson on board, pass us this morning.

* * * * *

On political events, I may add the strange news and rumours of the evening. Brussels destroyed by the Dutch soldiery, communication cut off with the surrounding country, the roads round it covered with wounded and dying, Prince Frederick II., son of the king, killed, and orders given to sacrifice every thing utterly, to quench the disturbances; the number of slain said to be immense. In Holland there is but one feeling, that the Belgians had no grievances, and ought to be massacred into obedience.

TO HIS FATHER.

BONN, *10th October*, 1830.

We had a 42 hours' voyage, (from Rotterdam to

Cologne) not without interest, with little fatigue, and good accommodations. The Custom-house business at Cologne is to the full as provoking as that at Rotterdam, so that I could not get every thing over, but left it in the hands of Mr. Böcker. Cologne interested the boys exceedingly, and they are half awed into Catholicism, by the magnificence of its churches, and ceremonial. It is a fine, but melancholy old place, and abundantly gloomy, the country quite flat, and the Rhine not impressive. A four hours' drive and about 18s. brought us hither. The change is very striking. This is a remarkably clean, cheerful, and thriving town, the scenery quite beautiful, and the University buildings truly splendid, entirely eclipsing those of Edinburgh.

They form the whole south side of the town, beyond which are, first, extensive public walks, next a plain, covered with vineyards and orchards, and thirdly, a noble range of mountains, shaded by forests, and strewn with ruins of castles, rising over the Rhine. That river here has a majestic appearance. There are heights on each side, to view him from, and the volume of waters is immense; a boat crossing appears a speck, and the men on board, like walnuts, as Sancho Panza says.

TO HIS SISTER MARJORY.

BONN, *25th October*, 1830.

The climate has been delightful since we came here ; the same blue sky, and warmth we enjoyed last October at Toulouse. To-day it has rained ; the country is exquisitely beautiful, much varied by hill and dale, forest and cultivation. The boys have been delighted, especially Jamie, with the abundance of fruit. The College session will begin immediately. I see one worthy professor has given out Othello in English, as the subject of his elucidations, and criticisms. We have subscribed to an immense circulating library, of 3000 French and German works. Subscription 9s. per annum. Subscription to ten newspapers, 9s. per annum.

TO HIS FATHER.

BONN, *12th November*, 1830.

—— called to-day to —— and ——, to come and look at a fly, that had got on the handle of the clock, to see what a start it would get, when the clock struck ; the fly was less giddy than he, however, for it stood quiet.

BONN, *25th November*, 1830.

It is very amusing how folks here are accustomed to

change country and patriotism ; within a few years they have been under an ecclesiastical prince, France, Murat, and Prussia ; and a worthy doctor suggested to me, the other day, that Bonn was certainly one of the most desirable residences, as it was far from improbable that it might soon be the capital of a duchy, or even kingdom, having been a favourite residence ever since the time of the Byzantine Emperors.

TO H. M.

Bonn, *28th November*, 1830.

We have now been three weeks in our present abode, and a very nice one it is. We see to the north, for we are at the outskirts of Bonn, a wide champaign country richly cultivated, and bounded but by the horizon, and the towers of Cologne, which is 15 miles distant. On the west we have gently sloping high grounds covered with forests, and one point crowned by an old monastery, which is still a place of pilgrimage to the peasants of the neighbourhood, and a frequent point whither our walks extend ; this is called Kreutzberg. On the east is the broad majestic Rhine, certainly the finest river I ever

saw. To the south we have Bonn close at hand, but, on the south of the town, the views and country are far more interesting, from the proximity of mountains and variety of country; the Rhine, too, appears far more noble when crowned by rocks 1400 feet high, which are to be seen near Bonn.

You give us an account of your method of spending time, which seems very well employed, but I don't think you have made the best choice of a historian in Millot; he does not lead one to think, and is, I think, somewhat of a careless superficial writer; the introduction to Robertson's Charles V. is worth all Millot's history of the middle ages, and, if read with care, and, above all, with thought, will give the mind a correct and indelible idea of the progress of the human mind, in institutions and governments, up to that age. I have seen Sir T. Dick Lauder's book, and think it interesting. He is an able and amiable man; he is the author of two ingenious and stirring novels, although they are not improving, the Wolfe of Badenoch and Lochandhu. It is a difficult thing to write a good novel, especially an historical one; the manners of the day are palpable and come-at-able, but to transplant one some centuries back requires good sense and great information.

TO HIS SISTER MARJORY.

Bonn, 14th December, 1830.

We get Galignani's Messenger, some days old, at 4s. 6d. per month, and have been very sorry to see that people have been so sadly blinded as to burn in the English counties; I hope poor Scotland will escape the villains. Charles X. would not have been an over respectable client for me in Edinburgh. I think James is the most interested in political events, and is wild for war; I hope, if it happen, he may see some of its miseries here, to teach him that it reads more pleasantly than it acts. Germany is altogether in a ticklish state; I suspect, however, the Austrian soldiery, and, perhaps, the Prussians also, are royalists to a man. The Rhenish provinces are understood to be discontented, but nothing is to be seen and heard but blind obedience to the authorities, and, if a change take place, it will be made by some foreign power, not by the exertions of the people. I see the Prussian Polish provinces give their rulers some uneasiness, and a most strict police has been established, which forbids any one to go out after nine at night on

the streets without a lantern and a written passport, and also forbids more than three people to stand together. We know nothing whatever of the causes of the Polish Revolution, or what the nation would be at.

TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

Bonn, 26th December, 1830.

* * Letters are a great treat to us, for we have no acquaintances but one we should have been most happy not to have occasion to know,—the doctor. My dear Jane, I fear, becomes gradually weaker, and I have now but very slight hopes of her recovery; she is, I think, quite as much emaciated as my mother was, but her youth maintains a much harder struggle with the disease, and she has, therefore, much more suffering. Her bones, having scarcely any covering, give her great pain, and her cough is terribly exhausting. With all her suffering, however, she takes as much interest and pleasure in the happiness of those around her as ever, and shows this in a hundred ways. She has given all the boys presents for Christmas, and had the tree erected in her own room last night; it stood on a table, was

lung with figs, almonds, and raisins, and around it was a plate for each member of the family, with the presents for the season upon it. When all was ready, the boys were ushered in ; they were allowed to make no noise, and, therefore, their surprise and pleasure were only to be seen in their faces. After they had received their presents they had supper, consisting of the fruits of the tree, and other good things, and then retired.

* * * * *

We have now very cold wintry weather, the thermometer fell last night to $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; this is almost always the case at Christmas, but we have a great advantage over the South of France in point of comfort, as we have no difficulty, from our stoves, in keeping up a proper temperature within doors. This is of great importance for our dear invalid, and she, at least, has all the comforts possible in her situation, and far more happiness and contentment than one could imagine. She is prepared to die, and talks much, when she is able for it, of the happiness of a last meeting, she also talks often of my mother, of whom she has a very warm admiration, and accounts her as one of her friends gone before.

* * * * *

How fast they fleet by, these same years ! I don't

think my past life now looks nearly so long as it did when I was ten years old, and the future part of it will soon be over too.

TO H. M.

BONN, 23d January, 1831.

The spirits of the just have perfect happiness, but, doubtless, a part of their happiness may be joy in the good works of those they love. How rich am I to be in friends in heaven, my mother, my brother, and, soon, my wife ; with these in my view, embalmed in my heart, can I turn to evil ?

When we are young, we have generally but few whom we loved who are gone before, but, happily, the earth becomes poorer and more desolate, and our dying friends steal, as it were, our thoughts with them to heaven. There may we all meet !

TO THE SAME.

BONN, 12th February, 1831.

If you have not already heard from Moray House, you will still anticipate the event which has taken place ;—

God has seen fit to remove my dear wife to a better world ; she has been dead four days. She fell asleep without pain or struggle, in peace with all mankind ; her mother and I, the boys, and Josephine, round her bed, as she desired, and she was occupied until within five minutes before her death, in calling on her Saviour, smiling on us all, and bidding us take comfort, and a last farewell. Just before she died, she drew herself somewhat together, as if feeling the last attack, smiled most divinely, and looked steadfastly before her, with eyes most strangely bright and vivid ; I believe it was her first look on Eternity.

We mourn, but not as having no hope ; we speak of her, and still look upon her cold still remains, which are very unlike herself, in consequence of her extreme emaciation. I have been to the burying ground to choose a spot to lay them, and hope to make many visits thither. I am now very calm. It was the will of God. My mother, as she now is, is also composed and cheerful, and dear Josephine, who was the most violently affected of all at first, has regained her composure.

She prayed for almost all her friends by name, not an hour before she died. It was, indeed, the death-bed of a Christian.

CONCLUSION OF THE JOURNAL.

Sept. 17.—Sailed from Leith to Rotterdam, and arrived on 27th.

October 8th.—Arrived at Bonn. Got into our own house, 7th November, 1830.

Bonn on the Rhine, Sunday, 20th February, 1831.—
I am again about to begin to my employments after a long and sad interval, and with but half my heart. I live, however, and must do my duty to my dear mother, my brothers, and myself. The boys will be with me until February next year, or, perhaps, longer, and I must see to make them employ their time usefully; for myself, I must be more regular, and try to rouse myself from the prostration of mind I now feel; my accounts ought to be put in order, my household matters more attended to, and my time better distributed. I mean

To rise between 5 and 6;

From 6 to 7.30. Read Latin or Greck, preparing
for the boys.

7.30 8.30. Do. with them.

8.30 9. Prayers.

9 10. Breakfast.

From 10	to 11.	Mathematics with John.
11	12.	German with the boys.
12	1.	
1	2.	
2	3.	Dinner.
3	4.	Duncan's lessons.
4	5.	Reading to mother and Josephine.
5	6.	
6	7.	
7	8.	History.
8	9.	
9	9.45.	
9.45	10.	Prayers.

We are to read Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Virgil's *Georgics*. I shall employ myself in translating Goethe's travels in Italy, and Oehlenschläger's *Correggio* ; I ought to do about thirty pages of the former per week. Our history is Robertson's *Charles V.*

Sunday, 27th February.—I have spent a tolerably busy week, much on the foregoing plan, and with some interest. Goethe has gone on slowly. I have not succeeded in rising in the morning.

Sunday, 6th March.—Just 28 years since the birth of my dear brother George. Have had a pretty busy week. The boys go on well. Excepting their lessons, I have

done little ; I have read Voltaire's *Alzire*, which pleased me much ; I love the mercy and love of man which speaks in the character of Alvarez, and it is a satisfaction to think his prototype, Las Casas, was in no wise his inferior.

Tuesday, June 12, 1831.—I have not been much occupied since I last wrote, but have been able to go steadily on with the boys upon the whole.

Wednesday, June 22d.—I had last week a return of pain in my chest and night perspirations ; these are no good symptoms, and I have, therefore, seen Dr. Kilian, and got leeches and dosed. I hope I shall soon feel stronger, but these attacks are disheartening, as they interfere sadly with my employments.

John and I matriculated last month at the university, fees, 6 thalers (18s.) each. This is necessary before attending any class and was attended with a great deal of trouble. We attend Professor Noeggerath on mineralogy, and Professor A. W. von Schlegel on Roman history. The former's fees are two Fredericks d'or, or about £1, 14s. ; the latter is a public class, and, consequently, feeless. The students here seem to be very well behaved in the class-rooms, notwithstanding a little bearish demeanour, which is meant to pass for gentlemanly ease out of doors, and is chiefly displayed in loud whistling or singing in the streets.

Sunday, July 3d.—My health gets worse instead of better; I have had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and spit a little blood; Kilian bled me copiously, and has since dosed me mightily. In the meantime, I must lay myself on the shelf, and have got a tutor for the boys.

TO A. M.

Bonn, 14th April, 1831.

It is a true remark that in every family there is more story than in many Romances. Young as we all are, what a variety in the situations of Charles, you, and myself. He, moving on in calm domestic peace, and the future gaining in charms while the past becomes richer in pleasing remembrances; you, with every thing before you that life is worth living for, and I with a rich gleam of happiness behind that still more darkens the void before me. Shenstone's epitaph* is constantly recurring to me, but I see a beauty the more in it. "The sick gladnesses the world can give" are now as nothing compared with the excellence and virtue of her character; it is that that survives the tomb and lightens the next

* Heu! quantum minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse.—This Epitaph is generally attributed to Shenstone, though it is believed to be by Bishop Lowth.

world, and, could I but forget secondary causes, and look more to the will of God, I should almost be able to await in contentment the time of meeting to part no more.

C. tells me he is to be in London ; it would give us extreme pleasure to see him here, indeed, any remembrance of you all by visit or letter would do me good, for I am somewhat subject, now and then, to a kind of sickness of life, which I fight with to my best.

TO THE SAME.

Bonn, 5th May, 1831.

I wish you a set of Clients like the Normans, of whom Regnard says, “ il n’y a guère de Normand qui n’ait vaillant sur pied plus de vingt procès, sans les espérances de ceux qu’il a déjà perdus.”

Mrs. Thompson, although enjoying very fair spirits on the whole, is much broken, and is unwilling to leave this place, where she walks in poor Jane’s last walks, and has the satisfaction of visiting her grave ; and I myself feel I am more comfortable here than I should be elsewhere : in short, we must remain together, and I shall perform the duties of a son to her till her own can take them up, and it may be that we do not part again.

We live the most regular and not inactive life here—

breakfast precisely at eight, then John and I go to hear a lecture on mineralogy, and I get all my share of the boys' work over before two, when we dine. John and I have another lecture in the evening, from A. W. Schlegel, a favourite of yours, and of every Englishman who admires Shakspeare. He is, I think, an excellent lecturer, speaking, as most of the Germans do, instead of reading, however, and this gives much greater zest and spirit. I am astonished with the sceptical nature of his Roman history, not in religious matters, but he denies all the kings as such, and has a theory of his own, that the Romans were originally a colony of Etruscans, and that before the beginning of the commonwealth, there is little to be depended on. This is by no means conjectural, for he brings proofs of falsity in many cases. You know, I suppose, that Schlegel has translated Shakspeare, line for line. The translation is an admirable one. Schlegel is a great man, but not too great to have been a good deal spoiled with vanity, the natural consequence of the excessive lard of admiration he lies under. I have only seen him once, so can say little from personal observation, but I understand he never forgives a person who beats him at chess, or finds a fault in his English pronunciation, &c. I suppose Sir Walter Scott is the only great man, of the present day, who is superior to flattery and detraction. By the way, I am very sorry to hear he

is so poorly, we have heard thrice of his being irrecoverable.

* * * * *

I have been studying Cicero's 1 Tusc. Disp. lately, a noble performance for a Pagan, which has deeply interested me. It is wonderful how many fine things these old fellows have said and felt before us.

TO MRS. B.

Bonn, 29th May, 1831.

You will, I dare say, excuse my tardiness in answering your kind letter of the 31st of March last, which gave me much pleasure; and you will understand that, for a long time, I have taken but little interest in any thing around me. This selfish feeling, I hope, gives way, and among the first things that wakened me from it, were your letter and those of other friends, which showed me their unvarying kindness and sympathy. Withered as our hopes and feelings may become, we cannot easily be deadened to these, and there are also, as you observe, far higher consolations. How often do I think of that sweet hymn,

“ Not lost, but gone before !”

These are the words my dear wife wrote in a little Testament, her last gift to me.

* * * *

I have been much pleased with a week's visit of my brother Charles, who leaves us to-day for Scotland.

TO HIS SISTER M.

Bonn, *Sunday, 19th June* 1831.

Yesterday, being Saturday, we had our excursion. Mrs. Thompson and Josephine were to have accompanied us, but the former had been rather unwell during the night, so we four brothers went. We crossed the river by the flying bridge here, and walked up to the seven mountains, on entering which we get into the recesses of a great forest, and this kind of walking is delightful. The heat was very great—in the forest it was, however, much cooler. We came upon the ruins of a fine old abbey, of which only the east end remains, but that is fine. The grounds around are laid out with taste, and belong to a Count von der Lippe. In a retired part of them we found a beautiful and simple monument, erected to the memory of General Hobe. I shall tell you how he came to be buried there. He and his wife were very

intimate with the Count, and while on a visit to him, they came to look at this old valley of Heisterbach. The seclusion and beauty of the place pleased her so much, that she said she should wish to be buried there, and this was done. It was natural that the husband, on his death-bed, should express the same wish, and on his death, after a separation for five years, they were reunited in the tomb. It was a strange wish, was it not, to lie in the recesses of a forest?

I am afraid that the condition of the peasantry here, notwithstanding heavier taxes, an absolute government, and universal conscription, is much better than in most parts of Britain, and I would say this is owing to a better moral feeling, and a reverence for old habits and authorities, to which a universal and useful education contributes, and which spirituous liquors and debauchery do not destroy.

TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Bonn, *Saturday, 9th July 1831.*

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We wrote to my father last week a long budget, which did not give a favourable

view of my health, and I am sorry to say I can't give a better bulletin this week. I have been again bled; and, although I hope fever has almost left me, I cannot help feeling much reduced. The weather is very fine, but terribly hot—the thermometer scarcely ever under eighty, excepting during the night. Kilian has ordered me to Ems, not to bathe but to drink, and I go thither on Monday, taking Duncan with me. Mrs. Thompson and Josephine will also go up with us.

* * * * *

We shall be absent a month, I believe; and if I return as much benefited as Kilian prognosticates, I shall do very well.

TO HIS BROTHER JOHN, AT BONN.

BAD EMS, 14th July 1831.

MY DEAR JOHNNIE,—We arrived here yesterday about twelve o'clock, and had very considerable difficulty in getting rooms, for the place is remarkably full. We are now pretty comfortably established in a small house, belonging to Heydenhaus of the Steinernes Haus, very near the Nassau end of Ems, and therefore very quiet and

cool. We have two pairs of stairs to climb, which are more troublesome for width (being very narrow) than length, like the drunkard's road. When up, we have three rooms, in one of which Mrs. Thompson and Josephine reside, and Duncan in another. I have four windows in my room, with *persiennes*, and yet I don't think it is above seventeen feet long and ten broad. In one end is my bed, with a screen before it, and in the other we dine and breakfast. We look out on one side on the street and the Lahn, and our gable, with five windows, looks up the valley. There is a very small but well kept garden, and the place is very pleasing indeed.

* * * * *

I have been staying in all day for the doctor, who has not arrived, however. His name is Diel, not Dietz, as Kilian wrote it; so I suspect they know very little of each other.

TO HIS FATHER.

EMS, 16th July, 1831.

My health has fallen off considerably, during the last month. The copious bleedings, which were quite neces-

sary, have left me weak, and as yet, I do not think I have picked up. Kilian expects every thing from Ems.

* * * * *

The country here is beautiful, I think you would find many situations equal to Melville, for there is wonderful richness of wood. The valley much resembles Dunkeld, and perhaps is a compound of that and the Wye, between Monmouth and Chepstow. The average heights I should think 500 feet above the river, of the rocks, and wooded hills. This is a terribly gay and expensive place, we are luckily in a garden house, belonging to a hotel, and have no annoyance from late hours or hotel visits. Our meals are brought to us from the Inn. Our lodgings cost us 35/ per week. There are a prodigious number of sickly looking women, and also abundance of fashionable flutterers, of both sexes. In the Government Hotel, where the chief baths and springs are, there are 222 rooms to let, we found all occupied, excepting those on the fourth storey, which, for invalids, are out of the question. About 200 people dine in the public room there, daily, and are dinned with an orchestra, the whole time. The whole ground floor of this immense hotel, of which the keeper is the duke, is a bazaar, excepting what is occupied by baths, and one finds all kinds of wares, aptly termed by the Germans, *Galanterie Waaren*, which

is as much as to say, they are of no use whatever. The season is short, and one must expect great prices, but our living is cheaper. Of great folks, there are numbers here, French, Germans, and Russians. The English season, has hardly begun yet, for their summer begins, even abroad, with the fall of the leaf.

* * * * *

I occupy myself at home, in reading Cicero, translating a Greek tragedy, and studying Shakspeare ; I speak very little, as my voice has fallen off, almost as much as my temper. In fact, I don't think I have improved, and after my bodily strength is a little restored, I shall have hard work with my other failings. I am often amused with my impatience and heat in very indifferent matters.

TO HIS FATHER.

BAD EMS, *July* 29, 1831.

The medical men talk of keeping me here longer than I counted on, but I don't know whether to accede ; if I lose ground, or gain a great deal, I shall leave the place. One is apt to fancy quackery at a place of this kind ;—I

arrived here on the regimen of tea for breakfast, no animal food, no wine, but vegetables and fruit unlimited. —Kilian's intimate friend has banished tea, allows animal food, and prohibits entirely fruit and wine; in fact, I have now to trust to the hot springs for my beverage; and, I assure you, German medical language has the same happy obscurity and adaptation of words that mean either two things or nothing, that characterises our own. Indeed, the German is the more roguish of the two, for, although they have not so much recourse to Greek words, and call things rather more by intelligible names, some of their derivatives are monstrous, and have a far more imposing sound than ours; for instance, I send you a sentence from a pamphlet on mineral waters, which you may try your hands on:—"Jede Brunnenkur greift den Körper an und bringt im Organismus einen Theils auch dreisten, Theils geschwächten Zustand hervor erhöhte Reizbarkeit mit verminderter Kraft, vermehrte Bewegungen des Gefäßsystems, die bis ans Fieberkrafte steigen können, Congestionen des Bluts, ungewöhnliche Vermehrungen und Hemmungen der Absonderungen, neue Verhältnisse zu sich und der Aussenwelt,"—I dare say you have enough of it. My doctor is a learned Ober Medicinal Rath; there is enough in the title alone to cure half his patients. M.D. is nothing to it. * * * It is strange how little this country is peopled, compared with such a country in

Britain. We are here about 220 feet above the level of the sea, and this river is navigable for barges 50 or 60 miles, but there is not a town on it or near it of 5000 inhabitants, and villages are not numerous. The country is rich enough to grow any thing north of rice. The heat ranges at present from 80 to 87°, a good broil. * *

This part of Germany is Protestant ; the whole protestant sects, about twelve years ago, united into one, and, although with Catholic forms it is impossible that creed should join them, I believe the upper classes of both religions think alike. There is much in the German peasantry that is delightful ; industrious, quiet, and orderly in their conduct, and in their relaxations almost refined, for these consist in contemplating fair Nature's face, and changes of the seasons, with a pipe to assist meditation. If there be less strictness in religion here than in Scotland, there is, certainly, much more charity and love, and there are no scenes of drunkenness and brutality. You must really learn to know the Germans a little before you retire, and, if you could get the folks about you to play nine-pins, drink coffee, and smoke a pipe, with a newspaper, instead of Scotch drink and broken heads, I should say you had introduced a Reform Bill superior to Lord John Russell's.

TO HIS SISTER HELEN.

EMS, 2nd August, 1831.

The doctors assure me there is no real danger, *i. e.* no seated danger, and I believe they say what they think. My own opinion varies much, but causes me no uneasiness at all ; as far as I know myself, I have very small objections to die, and very little interest in the thoughts of living. You have now new ties, all of you, and there is, or would be, less to regret on that ground. I more regret the uselessness of my past and present life, but that too is unavailing.

TO JOHN.

BAD EMS, 6th August.

I am certainly worse since you left us. I have got considerable pain at the heart, and cannot sleep on the left side now at all.

ALEXANDER COWAN, JOANNI FRATRI, S.

Die Saturni literas ad te scripsi, in quibus dixi ut LXXX. denarios Borussicos vulgo "Thaler," ad me mitteres.

Spero id factum. De literis ad sororem videbis me haud valere, statim autem ad Bonnum redire. Hic aër valde calidum et quies nulla.

VALEAS.

*Die Lunæ, Augusti octavo,
A. S. H. M.DCCC.XXXI.
hora vespertinâ.*

TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

Bonn, 24th August, 1831.

I suspect my going to Ems to cure the remains of a pleurisy was a most unwise thing, for the place kept me in a constant state of perspiration and inflammation. Medical folks tell us not to expect improvement immediately, so that I was deaf to all bad symptoms during the first three weeks, but, when the pain took such a hold of my chest and heart, I began to doubt. My doctor there constantly affirmed that the waters were doing good. Whenever I left Ems my fever diminished much, and I have been comparatively cool ever since; even the night perspirations almost disappeared, and pain in the chest is so completely discarded that I can sleep again on my left side. This has surprised Kilian, too, very much. But, notwithstanding these good symptoms,

I have lost strength so very much that I fear my return is too late ; I am less able to contend with my cough, which lacerates my throat, and very frequently ends by entirely clearing my stomach. This exhausts me much, and does not contribute to the well being of my said stomach. I am also now able for very little exercise, and my returning or progressive weakness is again increasing my night perspirations. My letters must be very much about myself, but I can't make them very long. I am in a very tranquil frame of mind, generally languid, and seldom feverish ; I cannot read, speak, or write much, and lie chiefly on the sofa. I can still walk round the garden, but the weather is unfavourable just now. Grapes are ripe—a fine thing for me ; in fact, I have every comfort my case can afford.

TO MRS. COWAN.

Bonn, *September* 1831.

* * * * *

I have no doubt I am dying, but I am as cheerful and happy as ever, much more so than for some months after the death of my dear Jane, whom I trust soon to rejoin.

I have all imaginable care and attention from Mrs. Thompson and Josephine, and every reason for gratitude. I hope I shall meet death with the fortitude and faith of my dear wife.

The last chapter of this life, so far as it has proceeded, has been traced so minutely by the hand of its subject, as to render any connecting links unnecessary, especially to those friends and relatives for whose particular if not exclusive use these pages are intended. The reader must have been sufficiently prepared for the sure anticipation expressed in the last letter. His family had for some time been unwillingly compelled to admit the probability, if not certainty, of the loss of this cherished member, and, in the beginning of September, 1831, Mr. Cowan proceeded to Bonn with his daughters Helen and Marjory. The following extracts from letters written during the visit afford an idea of the comfort and gratification derived by both parties from the meeting, and exhibit an interesting picture of the preparation for his great change, which, under the hand of God, affliction and disease had been working in the patient's mind.

16th September 1831.

My father went up stairs first, to prepare Sandie for seeing us, and we went afterwards. We found him sitting upon a sofa, his face much flushed with the hectic fever, and his features much sunk, but his mind is so delightfully calm, that he bore our meeting much better than we expected, much better than we did.

He was very cheerful and happy, indeed is always so. This is a delightful and airy house ; Sandie has two rooms entirely for himself, and every thing about him is comfortable and elegant. Mrs. T. and Josephine do every thing for him.

* * * *

Last night we all took tea in his parlour, and he looked peaceful and happy. * * * Marjory and I sat alternately for a while on a little stool by his sofa, so that we could hear his lowest whisper. (Poor fellow, his voice is almost entirely gone.) * * *

He told me that for a long time he could not speak of his dear wife with composure, but now that was over, and that he had great delight in talking of her to those who had known and loved her. He has her work-table by his sofa all day, with a few books lying on it, all of a serious kind. We went to see him last night after he

was in bed, he was then lying quiet and free from cough, and said he was glad to have these few moments to read a little out of her Testament. He had her miniature, the locket with her hair, and her Testament, on a small table beside him, and the beautiful print of St. John, on which her eyes were fixed when she died, is also opposite his bed. This morning we breakfasted in his parlour, and he being in bed, the door of his room was left open, that he might see us, and hear our conversation, which he enjoyed. Papa has since told me that he has had a long and interesting conversation with him, and is delighted at the peace and comfort he enjoys. He has a book-case close by his bed; and he told me that in the summer mornings he used to awake early and read, but now it is not light so soon, and that is well, as he could not now make use of the time in the same manner.

Bonn, 18th September.

Sandie continues very much the same, perfectly happy and tranquil ; I never witnessed any thing more beautiful and touching than his present state of mind is ; no one could be more ripe for the enjoyment of Heaven. He said the other day, that he had much reason for thankfulness, that he was here surrounded by every comfort that affection or money could procure—that had he been a peasant, a bed in the corner of the common room would have been all that could have been spared to him—and had he been without friends and poor, he must have died in an hospital. He also speaks much of Jane, and says that it is of her, Mamma, George, and Susan, that he thinks with most pleasure of meeting in Heaven. When the Doctor told him he was irrecoverable, he said, “ well, since it is so, I will not be bled or blistered, or have any medicines excepting those you think absolutely necessary to make me pass the remainder of my life easily ; you are to take no new measures ; try no experiments upon me.” The Doctor was quite astonished at this calmness, and said that though he could never recover, he might still live many years. But that is impossible : every day something is taken from his strength. In the beginning of this month even, he dined down stairs, and was accustomed to go into the garden, and through the house. Now, he

never rises till mid-day, and only comes into the next room, lies on the sofa, and sits up occasionally. He is quite unable to write letters, or to walk alone. He says himself, Jane lived three months after she was unable to come down stairs, if I sink as rapidly, I will not last out this year. He expresses great pleasure in our society, and I am indeed very glad that we have been permitted to see him once more.

TO A. M.

BONN, *21st September* 1831.

I have much more in mind to say to you than my hand is able for, but you must know that I have nothing but cheerfulness and love in that mind. Their visit has been a very great satisfaction, and I am grateful that it had rather a favourable influence on my health, as I have been able to enjoy their company more than I counted on. My life, my dear A., has been a strange one, and my mind during the last two years has undergone much severer discipline from sufferings than any one is aware of; but my illness has had a blessed effect on me, and I have been enabled to taste the delightful calmness arising from forgiveness and love of all men.

A universal spirit of love seems to be around me, which includes all who are gone before, and I trust God has truly caused his face to shine upon me. I bless him for his many mercies. I have all the care that the fondest attention can bestow, and all the comforts which are denied to so many of the suffering poor in work-houses and wretchedness. What a time likewise to die, when she is but gone before, and my thoughts turn with desire to joining her again before the Eternal Love.

TO HIS FATHER,

(During a short absence from Bonn.)

Bonn, 24th September.

* * * * *

You see I must be well from writing such a long stave, I do much enjoy any ease and comfort, and have, thank God, much of it.

Enjoy yourselves as much as possible, and look on the happy sunny side of things as I do. Every sunset just now is like the beams of God's love over the world, and I love to think of the time when I shall mix with that calm deep heaven, and the spirit of love. God bless you all.—My dear father's affectionate son,

SANDIE.

The following was written on returning to Bonn.

8th October.

We found Sandie much the same as when we left him ; he is a little thinner, but not weaker. He now sits up till half-past ten ; and last evening was a time of great enjoyment to us all. His mind is in a state of perfect tranquillity and peace, and rests much on the contemplation of that great and everlasting love, which has redeemed him from sin and Satan, and made him feel so happy and contented in his last illness. He feels the most perfect love towards every body, and his charity and forbearance are a lesson to us all, which we can never forget. He is always cheerful, and says he wonders now how he could ever laugh at people's peculiarities, or find disgust in their society ; for now he never thinks of these things,—he would look to the heart, and would love it for its virtues. He has been speaking much of human prejudices. It may be that to us the near prospect we have of losing his society makes us value it more, but I never saw any one's habitual thoughts and feelings which seemed so much above the world, or already to partake more of that heavenly mindedness by which we read of our Saviour on earth being distinguished.

The following letter to a friend, from whom the deceased and his brother had received kindness in Germany in the year 1820, will not be read without emotion. It presents a striking picture of a mind undergoing purification, already much separated from the world, and anxiously setting its house in order.

TO MR. PITCAIRN, NEW YORK.

BONN, *17th October*, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have doubtless heard ere now, that it pleases God that I should follow my beloved wife to the grave ; and you will be happy to learn that I feel the utmost happiness in submitting to His wise decrees. Since I have been so ill, and have detached myself from all those earthly things that do not concern a dying man, I have been doubly sensible of the great kindness and love I have experienced from so many ; and my heart finds its chief pleasure in expanding itself in love towards God and man. I love to recollect all instances of kindness, and I have thought it may give you some satisfaction, that I yet warmly feel your and Mr. Joseph Brodie's kindness to poor George and me at Hamburg and Eppendorf. How well I recollect his thin countenance, that quite expressed benevolence !

I have exceedingly enjoyed my dear Father and Sisters' visit ; they leave us in a few days ; but Marjory probably remains during the winter. My pain as yet has been very supportable, and my mind is invariably calm and tranquil. Large views of the Deity have, I believe, contributed to produce this effect, and the feeling of peace of mind, and that I have not left one injury unforgiven, makes me more than contented—absolutely cheerful. Give my love to Miss Brodie, and all who remember me ; and now farewell. May God be with you and your's through life.

Your affectionate and obliged,

ALEX. COWAN.

NIMEGUEN, 22d October.

We parted from our dear brother yesterday morning, and with wonderful composure. I breakfasted with him, and he was quite cheerful, though from pain in his chest scarcely able to speak. When we left him, and he said his parting "God bless you," his face was a good deal flushed, and that, with a slight quiver on his lip, were the only signs of any unusual emotion, and Papa and I took care not to betray any in his presence. Indeed there was none, for we are so happy to have seen him, and his mind so calm and holy, that we ought not to re-

gret his early death. All we have now to wish for is a continuance of that peace of mind and joy in believing which have hitherto made his last illness the happiest part of his life ; and he says himself, that while his mind is so calm and happy, he does not care about bodily suffering. He knows he is too weak to bear much.

The night before we left Bonn, I played over to him several of Weber's overtures, which he always admired, and in which I have often been accompanied by his flute or violoncello. He enjoys music still very much.

27th October.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I go on very well, suffering not much pain, and enjoying myself a good deal, the blessings of peace of mind and love do not at all leave me. My appetite is falling much off.

Bonn, 29th October 1831.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—I become very weak, but am very happy to write you a few lines. I am fast join-

ing my dear wife, mother, and brother, and the great God who is perfect love. I am very happy and comfortable, but much less able to speak to those around me than formerly. I thank Charles for his much prized letter, and may God be with you, Aunt Anne, and all his family.—
Your affectionate Grandson,

ALEXANDER COWAN.

The above, which is written in the feeble and constrained hand, which had for some months marked his decaying strength, appears to be the last letter Sandie wrote without assistance.

On 6th November, his sister Marjory, who remained with him till his death, writes :—

“ Our dear brother remains very much in the same state, getting weaker very gradually. On Monday we began to read history in the evening. Sandie likes it very much, indeed, and listens with great attention. He has told us the story of Valerius during two evenings. It is astonishing how strong his memory is. Sandie is still able to speak a good deal some times. He said lately, that he hoped we should all, like him, be enabled to cast our burden of sins at the feet of Jesus, and find peace with him.”

3d December. “ Sandie does not leave his bed now. On Sunday he got up for a little time, and came into the next room to dinner, but that was the last day he did so. —We have got an excellent likeness taken of my brother in chalk, by a Mr. Gotzenberg. A bust is to be taken from it. Sandie did not find it very fatiguing having it done, and he is very much pleased that it has been done, as you wished it so much.—Professor Brandis one day brought him a collection of beautiful German hymns, some of which I read to him every night, and he likes them. A number of them are by Martin Luther.—Sandie is always full of hope, love, and joy. He says he feels that God’s arms are around him unceasingly, and that Jesus makes him quite light. He says that he loves us all so much, that his heart seems to be boiling over when he looks at us. His cough is not so severe as it was, and he says it is very merciful, that as his body becomes weaker his cough is less. He sleeps a great deal, but moans incessantly.”

The sheet on which the above is written, contains a short letter from Sandie to his father, written by his sister.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—I think I am able to write to you a little bit this evening with Marjory’s assistance. I sup-

pose they give you full accounts of me, and I have to corroborate their statements that my mind is in the same happy state. I hope to be able to write some more the next opportunity, but I am not able for any more to-night."

The following is the last letter he dictated, and is subscribed by himself, but in a hand shaken by disease into the character of palsied age. His brother John had gone to Rotterdam to receive their sister, Lucy-Anne, on her way to Neuwied:—

Bonn, 8th December 1831.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—You will be almost glad to hear that when your letter to me arrived to-day, I could not hear it read from sleepiness. I am happy in dozing a good deal, and although my pain is necessarily increased, I find the same love to God and man which enables me to support it. Johnnie left us on Tuesday afternoon by Diligence for Rotterdam. It gives me a chance of seeing them both again, as he was to lose no time; but my weakness is so very much increased, that I have strong doubts of surviving this week.

How much I should have enjoyed your society and intercourse, had it been God's will, but I am very happy in the thoughts of meeting those who are gone before.

hoped to have written to my dear Charles once more, but I am unable, I fear, for the exertion. May God bless him and his dear family here and hereafter. I thank Helen for her letter; and may God keep his arms around us all for evermore.

Your affectionate Son,

ALEXANDER COWAN.

On 10th *December*—"Our dear Sandie is still with us, though at this time yesterday neither he nor any of us expected that he would survive the night. He is uncommonly patient, for though he is longing to go home, yet he is willing to await God's time. Yesterday morning he lost his voice, and he told me that he thought it was to be his last day. In the evening, when we were all around him, he said it was a great grief to him that he was not able to speak. I put my ear close to him, and heard all he said—"I am going to the greatest happiness. You have all been very good to me, and I love you all. Tell Josephine to be very kind to that dear old woman—I am sure she will. My darling, Jeanie!—my dear wife! I shall soon be with her.' He then raised his eyes to heaven, and said, 'Merciful Jesus!—Great God! receive me—receive me.' He then put his hand on my head, and kissed me, and blessed me and Mrs. Thompson.

* * * * *

Last night, at one time when we thought he was near dying, we saw him moving his fingers. He was making a calculation of his age, and told us he was 7885* days old.

“He told us last night we must be sure to lay him quite close to Jane.”

On Sunday, the 11th December, he became worse in the morning, and though he afterwards revived a little, he scarcely spoke all day. On seeing some one in the room, he asked if it were his sister, whose arrival was expected, and expressed a hope that he would yet see her and John.† He could with difficulty speak at all for some time before he died, but occasionally pronounced the name of Jesus, and raised his eyes often to heaven, apparently in prayer. He looked at his friends with an expression of kindness, and was quite sensible till nearly the last, when he had some struggle. He was released from suffering at twenty minutes before eight o'clock.

His directions regarding his grave were faithfully

* Excluding the additional day in leap years, the correct number is 9885. He may have been incorrectly heard, but at any rate the incident is very remarkable.

† They did not arrive till next morning.

observed—his body being laid close to that of his wife in the churchyard of Bonn. The place is marked by a plain monument, bearing the following Inscription, which was written by himself before he went to Ems. The original in his handwriting contained even the year, he having, ever after his wife's death, had a presentiment that they would die in the same year. A blank was left for the month and day of his own death alone. The reference to Scripture was added afterwards.

HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF
ALEXANDER COWAN,
OF EDINBURGH, WRITER TO HIS MAJESTY'S SIGNET,
WHO WAS BORN AT VALLEYFIELD, NOVEMBER IX., M.DCCC.IV.,
AND OF
JANE ANNESLEY THOMPSON,
HIS WIFE,
WHO WAS BORN AT ORLEANS, MAY I., M.DCCC.IX.

THEY WERE MARRIED AT KESWICK, IN CUMBERLAND,
SEPT. I., M.DCCC.XXIX.,
AND DIED AT BONN, OF CONSUMPTION,
SHE FEB. VIII., AND HE DEC. XI.,
M.DCCC.XXXI.

II. SAMUEL I. XXIII.

The preceding pages contain enough of matter to enable those who enjoyed the familiar acquaintance of Alexander Cowan to connect his productions, in their substance, and manner, and tone, with the author, and, as it is chiefly, if not altogether, for his family and intimate friends that this volume is designed, there appears to be little occasion for adding to the portraiture which has been exhibited by his own hand.

To those of his connexions who are too young to have known him personally, it may be interesting to learn that he was of tall stature, with broad shoulders, though not robust in his person. His countenance was thoughtful, and marked by a serious but pleasing expression, the brow and chin being prominent, the face thin, and the eyes small but intelligent. The engraving which forms the frontispiece is, upon the whole, a faithful likeness.

His manner was quiet and unobtrusive, conveying to strangers an impression of reserve; but his habitual disposition was remarkably happy and cheerful. He had a keen relish for the society of his family and familiar friends, and in his intercourse with them enjoyed a sustained elasticity of spirits, breaking out into frequent mirthfulness, not

the less real that it was not boisterously expressed, but rather betrayed by an apparent consciousness of high mental enjoyment. His happiness, indeed, was in the domestic circle, and he shone there not more by his varied talents and acquirements than by his kindly dispositions, and a simplicity of heart which could be playful or serious as fitted the occasion.

To those who enjoyed his intimacy, perhaps the most remarkable feature of his character was indicated by the never failing calmness and self-possession of his deportment. Circumstances which ordinarily give rise to demonstrations of emotion and excitement did not appear to have that mastery over him, but to be held in subjection to the examination and conclusions of his judgment; and it is only necessary to refer to the latter portion of his history, as exhibited in the preceding pages, to show that this quality did not result from apathetic indifference, for there the depth of his feeling is sufficiently attested,—it was the attribute of a clear understanding and strong will co-existing with tenderness of heart, but watchful to maintain the balance between reason and sensibility. That he entirely succeeded in this may not be affirmed,—how

few attain to that pitch of mental discipline!—but it will be well if the young who read these pages observe this point of his character, and learn the high duty of guarding themselves against the perplexity and disturbing influence which unlooked for and, it may be, afflicting events bring with them, and also against the more familiar and hasty excitement of every day occurrence, and, while they give the heart its due, not to allow it to dethrone reason and exclude its suggestions.

The literary productions contained in this volume are chiefly distinguished, in their conception and style, by that simplicity which characterised their author. There is no attempt, by elaborate effort, or sounding phraseology, or artificial ornament, to give to the conceptions an effect higher than that of which their own nature rendered them capable. This is the species of composition which will always ultimately be the most satisfactory, for the standard to which it refers is the highest and best, (speaking in a literary sense,) viz. the truth of nature, and those writers have been the most successful, who, endowed by nature with the highest mental vigour, have adhered, with the greatest faithfulness and sincerity, to her models and instructions in the man-

ner of embodying their conceptions. Although it may be thought that our author's admiration* of De la Martine was not in accordance with the principle above alluded to, the remark will probably be admitted to be applicable to the whole of his own prose writings and original poetry, with a trifling exception. His admiration of the French poet may be attributed to sympathy in his serious turn of mind, independently of other causes.

It need scarcely be remarked, that these productions are not amenable to the criticism proper to compositions elaborated by the application of an author's whole time and energy. A great part of their interest consists in their being tributes to literature paid during hours saved, or, it might sometimes be, stolen from professional labours, indicating by the very unfavourableness of the opportunities for their production, the salient energy of the spring from which they flowed. He was latterly, indeed, separated from professional labours; but that was only to be united to other important duties; and the preceding pages shew too well what difficulties he had to contend with in the state of his wife's

* This exception will not be extended, however, to the beautiful lines on the *Butterfly*, p. 55.

health and his own ; and in the agony of grief consequent on her death.

But, after all, the principal charm, and most instructive lesson exhibited in these pages, is the picture and history of a character tried (first, it may be, by prosperity, or the easy attainment of desired objects, and afterwards) by affliction, and coming out of the furnace purified and refined.

The correspondence shews the depth of the grief to which he abandoned himself after the death of his wife. It was a source of much anxiety to those around him, and the first thing which seemed to arouse him to an effort to struggle against it, was his discovery of the serious apprehensions entertained by his wife's mother, of the consequences of his resigning himself so entirely to the indulgence of sorrow. How successful this effort, under the Divine blessing, was, not in banishing the remembrance of his loss, but in taking from his grief its character of exclusiveness and resistance to consolation, and in restoring to their salutary power the love of duty and of friends, the later correspondence sufficiently exhibits.

It will be remembered that his father and two sisters visited him during the Autumn preceding his

death. This visit was a source of great happiness and comfort to both parties. Sandie's complaints were now too unequivocal in their symptoms to permit any expectation of his ultimate recovery ; but the state of his mind was such as to enable him to look forward to death, not only without dismay, but with tranquillity and desire. The death of his beloved wife had no doubt snapped the strongest tie which bound his affections to life. But he had been enabled to come out of the depth and bewilderment of that affliction ; and it appears as if the fiery ordeal of grief he had undergone had been blessed as the instrument of eradicating all selfishness, and expanding the affection previously concentrated with intensity on her memory, into a spirit of universal love. He told his father at Bonn, when stretched on what was to prove his death-bed, that he was then happier than he had been in any previous part of his life, even during any period of his intercourse with the beloved wife whose loss he had so deeply deplored.

Some friends have remarked in his letters an absence of the peculiar grounds of faith and consolation which Christians enjoy. This, in so far as it exists, may, we trust, be attributed, in a great measure, to that momentous subject being regarded by

him as too sacred and awful to form matter for familiar conversation or correspondence—a feeling which the experience of many proves to be but too prevalent. It will be observed, however, that in the later letters there is evidence that his faith was reposed where only it should be, and the deficiency alluded to was supplied in frequent and undoubting declarations to those who waited upon him during his last illness.

It is instructive to review a character thus exercised, and apparently made fit, in a large measure, before death, for a higher state of being, by purification from passion and earthly objects; and the contemplation may well elevate our thoughts, and fill us with admiration of the wisdom of Him whose mysterious dealings were here to the mere eye of sense, scourging and attenuating the feeble body; but to the eye of faith were accomplishing thereby the mortification of sense and sin, and nourishing into life and strength the plants of charity and love, which germinate on earth to reach maturity in heaven.



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